

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE week has been unusually barren of exciting or even interesting events. Mr. Johnson remains quietly in Washington; Mr. Seward has been confined by a fit of illness, from which, we are glad to say, he is rapidly recovering; so that we have had no fresh exposition of "the President's policy." Moreover, the policy is not thriving. The "new party" which the Philadelphia Convention was supposed to have brought forth seems to be perishing untimely. There is a general rattling from it on the part of the members of Union antecedents. The Democrats no longer disguise their feeling that it is simply the old peace Democracy revived. Probably no orator of ancient or modern times ever accomplished as much by a fortnight's speaking as Mr. Johnson has done.

THE President, since he came back from Chicago, has been so besieged and harassed by swarms of people without constituents, influence, or any other claim to offices, even as offices are now distributed, that he has publicly informed all such persons that they must address their solicitations to heads of departments, and not to him. By the time Congress meets again we hope a majority of its members, and Mr. Johnson himself, will be ready to act favorably on a report that will then doubtless come from the Judiciary Committee. That committee, on the 28th of June last, was instructed to enquire into the expediency of providing by law for a reorganization of the civil service, and especially of the Post Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments. We ought to have appointments after examinations, and not after an office-hunter has, for instance, ridden in a railroad car during a presidential tour; we ought to have service for specific terms or for good behavior, and not for so long as an office-holder bleeds freely into the party treasury, or can keep good-will by other mean compliances; we ought to have promotions by merit or seniority, and not for stump speeches; and, in short, we ought to have experts—we ought to have character and capacity—in every branch of the service of the country, and not political trickery conjoined with incompetence for honorable business of any kind. Undoubtedly this can be done in every free and Christian country, and in some countries not particularly distinguished for liberty or Christianity. They do it in France, if they fail in Russia. In military matters we ourselves have accomplished it, and, outside of Congress, there is no reason why our civil service may not be made

to compare favorably with the military and naval. This is a matter to which we have often referred, but no excuse is necessary for again referring to it.

THE Fenians are considered to be ominously quiet. At any rate, they do nothing at all, and they say next to nothing, and their reputation is consequently rising. A committee of them, however, waited on Mr. Johnson the other day, and spoke with all the accustomed Fenian judiciousness and painful modesty. They suggested to the President that it would be no more than fair to turn out a sufficiently large horde of the Saxons, and give Irishmen a reasonable number of appointments in the Postal department, the department of Internal Revenue, and all other branches of the public service. And this for the reason that the Irish here are a "nation." We, in turn, suggest that if citizens of the I. R. are to walk off with our offices, and administer in the high places, the Fenian Senate should at least enter into treaty obligations with the United States Government, in order that the two republics may hereafter have but one diplomatic and military head. Then we should no longer have to take Fenian armies into custody, or remove the Fenian president to a dungeon cell, and, in fact, for every reason it seems to be the proper thing to do. One or two other trifles the committee on behalf of their countrymen demanded: the removal of Secretary Stanton, the recall of Mr. Adams, the superseding of all United States consuls in Ireland who did not take a warm interest in Fenian victims of British tyranny, the settlement, instant, of the *Alabama* claims, etc., etc. Next, we suppose, comes a demand that all citizens of the Irish Republic, by and in virtue of that citizenship, be deemed to be, on and after the day of their arrival in Castle Garden, eligible to the offices of President and Vice-President, or Chief and Sub-Organizer, of the United States. There seems to be a good deal of the foulest, most black-hearted tyranny in the present law on that subject. President Johnson did something to bring this visitation on himself, for he set John Mitchel free for a most appropriately absurd reason, and so encouraged O'Mahony, Killian, and the rest. Since then his conduct in the whole business has been creditable to him or to his advisers, and he did well to send away these sturdy beggars with no promises.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, a business man, and therefore, as he says, given to thinking in figures, has recently written a letter to Mr. Beecher, in which he sets forth pointedly the gross injustice that would be worked, in the matter of representation in Congress, were loyal men to follow Mr. Beecher's lead, surrender their convictions because Mr. Johnson has formed different convictions, and Mr. Johnson is a very obstinate man, and readmit the South without first securing a change in the basis of representation. As Mr. Atkinson points out, to be magnanimous in Mr. Beecher's fashion involves some absurd sacrifices of political power which no sensible men will make. The white inhabitants of Maine in 1860 numbered 626,952, and they send five members to the House of Representatives. Naturally and justly, they are decidedly unwilling that even repentant and reconstructed Louisiana should send precisely as many members to represent a white population but a little more than half as large, 357,629. At the time of the last census the white people of the Carolinas numbered 922,488, the white people of Indiana 1,339,000. Yet if the Constitutional Amendment is not ratified, the Carolinas will have eleven representatives in Congress, and Indiana will have no more. Georgia will have seven representatives, Wisconsin will have six; though the white population of Georgia is 591,588, and that of Wisconsin is 774,710. In other words, on the plan which Mr. Beecher favors, the North magnanimously consents that the votes of about 84,000 Georgians are to

neutralize the votes of about 129,000 citizens of Wisconsin. Wisconsin, by the way, is a loyal State. But this is a question of figures. In general, we may say that the votes of 1,000 men, in any State of the late Confederacy, are to be as powerful as the votes of 1,700 men—"generous to a fault, nobody's enemy but their own"—living in the North. Bad as this would be, the state of things will be worse after the census of 1870. Now we count a negro as three-fifths of a person; then he is to be counted as five-fifths of a person, and the votes of 1,000 Southerners will be as good as those of more than 2,000 Northern men. Undoubtedly it is "the fell design of the Radicals," as they say in Southern editorial articles, to remove the present inequality in the distribution of power, and prevent the still greater inequality that the next census would bring upon the North. To judge from the Maine and Vermont elections, it is a design that will succeed. Oregon, too, the telegraph informs us, ratifies the amendment, and the Holden and B. F. Moore party in North Carolina has just resolved in convention that it ought to be ratified.

THIS convention, or public meeting, in which W. W. Holden, ex-provisional governor, was the leading spirit, was a body capable of being really influential in the contemporary politics of North Carolina, being composed of men who have behind them, as constituents, possibly a majority—certainly a very strong minority—of the voters of the State. It steered clear of one rock when it nominated Mr. Dockery for governor, and not Mr. Holden. The latter is disliked by many of the Union men, or rather mis-secessionists, for having brought upon the Reconstruction Convention of 1864 the telegram of Mr. Johnson signifying his will that the rebel debt should be repudiated. It was in reply to a previous telegram from Holden. Of Holden, his enemies can further say that he is almost a professional politician, and that he has been on more sides than one. There are, perhaps, few States in which such a character would not have a better chance for reaching power than he has in North Carolina, where the yeomanry, if unintelligent, are sturdy in adhering to their opinions, and respect consistency in others. The address of the convention reads like a satire upon Mr. Johnson, for it quotes convincingly the Mr. Johnson of the summer of 1865, and urges upon the people the support of the Congressional plan of reconstruction. It may have been meant in good faith, however, for to many men in the South it is still a recommendation of a policy that Mr. Johnson approves it, and North Carolina Unionists must use every element of strength in the coming canvass. Upon the negro question, Mr. Dockery holds the views of an aged slaveholder, and thinks, if the South is to prosper, the blacks must be deported. Andrew Jackson, he probably thinks, would have sent them all to some foreign island eighteen months ago. As we have said before, it is by no means improbable that the steadfastness of Congress may reap its first fruit in North Carolina, where the fruit of victory was first flung away by the President.

THE *Tribune*, commenting on three statements, which it disputes, made in a short paragraph in the *World*, asserts that "there was a time when three such distinct, palpable, notorious lies would have been thought rather a strong dose, but the *World* makes nothing of it." Now, we doubt very much whether there ever was such a time. Certainly there is no trace or mention of it to be found in the *Tribune*, which is presumptive evidence that there has been no such state of things, at least, since that journal was started. A careful inspection of its files will show that its opponents have, from the very first, "lied" incessantly, and have by no means always restricted themselves to a "lie" per line, but have often crowded several "lies" into the same line, without finding "the dose" a whit too strong. Then we must also differ with the *Tribune* as to the necessity of calling "lies" "distinct, palpable, and notorious." We have read a great deal in its columns about "lies," but we have yet to learn that there is really any such classification of lies as the use of these epithets would indicate. As far as we have been able to make out, all the "lies" the *Tribune* has ever exposed have been "notorious and palpable lies," "lies" that everybody recognized as "lies" the minute they were uttered. There is never any faintness of outline, any *nuances*, about the falsehoods which it lays bare. It wonders in nearly every issue, and has wondered

for the last fifteen years, that people should tell such "lies," and it certainly is very surprising. We recommend that a prize be offered—say a horse-rake or steam saw-mill—for the best essay on this abstruse but interesting subject.

THE Constitutional Amendment which has been rejected by the Texas Legislature is not the amendment now pending. Before the pending amendment is passed upon by the Southern States the fall elections in the North take place, and we suppose none, or almost none, of the Southern States will be foolish enough to refuse to ratify it. Southerners possess, in the highest degree, that trait which our European critics charge against us as an American characteristic, of talking in the most extravagant way, and, at the same time, acting with the most practical shrewdness. Believe the Memphis *Avalanche* of 1863, and every man, woman, and child in the sunny South was to die in the last ditch before submitting to Federal authority. But nearly every man, and, we believe, all the women and children, did a much better thing, and still live to write and read more Memphis *Avalanche* editorial articles. It is the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery which the Texas Legislative Committee on Federal Relations has declined to consider, and action upon which, it says, would be "surplusage," "without authority," and "even intrusive." Texas has already, according to the committee, acknowledged "by its ordinance" the supremacy of the Federal Constitution, and it did so on its return to the Union, at which time it found the abolition amendment already incorporated into the fundamental law. The committee's line of argument leads to this result: Texas did succeed in getting out of the Union; our Hamilton Convention did not undo illegal acts—it abrogated acts perfectly legal; we admit that we are now in the Union—we have admitted it "by ordinance"—but we maintain that we were out once, and legally out. In short, the committee and the Legislature, with a certain amount of spitefulness, avow their belief in the right of a State to secede, and probably were much gratified at their opportunity to do so; but when it comes to considering the constitutional amendment which they must ratify to come back into Congress, we dare say the Texans will be sufficiently practical.

MR. PETER COOPER has written a letter to the President, in which he remonstrates with that dignitary on his political course, by reminding him of his old speeches, in which he promised to destroy the Southern aristocracy, make treason "odious," and so forth. What effect this will have on the President, it is difficult to say; but we must hope for the best. Mr. Cooper is, however, not so fortunate in his enunciation of general truths as he is in the exposure of individual inconsistencies and shortcomings—as when he declares that, in order to "get a full understanding of the causes in which misunderstandings originate," you must "begin by admitting that all effects, physical, moral, and political, are the result of causes equal to their production." Anybody who denies this last proposition must do so from a spirit of pure mischief, and we should decline to argue with him; but then we doubt very much whether such an admission would throw much light on the causes of misunderstandings. Then, again, when he says that, had Mr. Johnson been born of Mr. Sumner's parents, "he would have used all the powers of a mighty mind to abolish slavery," and that, had Mr. Sumner been born of Mr. Johnson's parents, "he would have declared the many patriotic truths that have been proclaimed by him" (Mr. Johnson), he proves too much; for in that case Mr. Sumner would also have made the late presidential tour with Mr. Seward and talked a great deal of nonsense, and Mr. Johnson, instead of filling in early life the glorious and time-honored position of a tailor, would have frittered away his best years in law and literature. Besides which, the hypothesis will probably be offensive to both gentlemen, as Mr. Sumner certainly, and Mr. Johnson probably, is satisfied with his own parentage.

THE New York *Herald* has abandoned Mr. Johnson, and is devoting itself to the support of Congress. Its inconsistency in so doing has been duly exposed by the *World*, and, of course, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the "editor and proprietor," feels ashamed and humiliated.



JEFFERSON DAVIS's trial seems to have been indefinitely postponed, and who is responsible for it, it is difficult to make out. The President refuses to liberate him on parole, but throws the blame of the delay in trying him partly on Congress and partly on Chief-Justice Chase. What Congress has to do with it, it would be hard to say, but it must be said that this long detention before conviction of a man against whom there are legal charges, is a daily increasing scandal.

THE salient item of foreign news by the Cable has been a circular of the French Government, commonly attributed to Napoleon's own hand. It reviews the results of the late war, and finds them beneficial to France. Prussia and Italy are knit together; Austria is disabled of hostile intentions. The convention relative to the evacuation of Rome is to be strictly adhered to. The freedom of the Baltic and the Mediterranean is assured by the navies of *second-class* powers—a conjunction of Prussia with Italy which is not more questionable in point of taste than in point of fact. The *first-class* power that menaces the security of the northern and the southern sea is, of course, Russia; and the peace which the Emperor predicts with so much confidence must be understood of Central Europe. Undoubtedly as against the Cossack—if it be still just to stigmatize by that name the nation of whose numerous populations the tribes of the Don have hitherto been the most democratic and the least oppressed—Western Europe, if agreed, would form a stronger unit to-day than at any time since 1815. The weakness of the German Confederation against the single and resolute invasion of Prussia, is a picture of what might have happened in case of Russian encroachment in the same direction. But it remains to be seen what are the actual designs of Russia, and whether her traditional raid upon the Danube Delta and the Golden Horn would give rise to a counter-alliance more extensive than that of 1854-5.

THAT trouble is expected in the East is evident. The French circular, as we have seen, more than hints at it. The relations between the Porte and the new Hospodar of the Principalities are still unsettled, and it may be set down as certain that Austria's first leisure must be given to these neighbors. M. de Moustier, moreover, the French Minister at Constantinople, is assigned by popular rumor to the place vacated by Drouyn de Lhuys, on the ground that no one is so conversant as he with Eastern affairs. This is additional proof that Napoleon has no intention of quarrelling with Prussia, even to save the dignity or retain the services of a favorite official, and that the wind blows straight from the Bosphorus. The case would not be altered if, as seems not unlikely, M. de Moustier cannot be induced to leave his present post, where it is evident he may yet be of the greatest usefulness. The Cable, indeed, almost positively installs Lavalette. He has been helpful hitherto chiefly in suppressing newspapers and regulating the theatres.

THE London *Times* comments at some length upon the immense addition to the wear and tear of commercial life which the Cable is likely to create. When merchants received one mail a day, they had the afternoon to themselves. When they received two, their whole day was gone, and when the telegraph came, their evenings went also. Now, it may be fairly expected, considering the vast spaces traversed by the ocean cables, with the difference of time at the points of arrival and departure, their nights will go also. In this country, however, the change will be less severely felt than in England. There are few merchants in America who are not already working to their utmost capacity, or who could, if a thousand fortunes depended on it, take one hour more from sleep, or eating, or social intercourse. Where it is all going to end, and what kind of life the "merchant of the future" will lead, nobody knows, or pretends to know. From present appearances it would seem as if the commerce of the world would pass into the hands of a few great houses; that all the small dealers would be converted into clerks on salaries, and everything be done by a few vast combinations conceived by half-a-dozen heads, the details being worked out by subordinates, possessing only a limited responsibility, and, therefore, suffering little from wear and tear.

#### THE FREEDMEN.

SOUTH CAROLINA is most prominent in the record of the past week. The special session of her Legislature terminated on the 21st inst. Gov. Orr's recommendations in calling it have been already stated in this column. Objecting strongly to the thirtieth section of an "Act to establish District Courts," he said that its imperfect admission of the blacks to civil equality could not be "reconciled with sound policy or just discrimination":

"They are admitted in that class of cases where their interest, sympathy, association, and feelings would be most likely to pervert their consciences and invite to false swearing, and are excluded from testifying in all cases where no motive could exist to swear falsely, except that of a depraved heart. The distinction is illogical and indefensible, and it cannot be denied that it has its foundation in a prejudice against the caste of the negro."

"The dishonest may object to the extension of this right to all cases, because it reduces the field for his nefarious operations; but if the good and virtuous are protected, society is amply compensated for the change. Men of probity and integrity have no reason to apprehend any evil consequences from the change. The discrimination of intelligent judges and juries will be a shield against unjust charges supported by false swearing, and the same intelligence will bring the really guilty to condign punishment."

The Legislature has accordingly passed what was known at the State capital as the "Civil Rights bill," but which was first styled "An Act preliminary to the legislation induced by the Emancipation of Slaves," and afterwards more graciously, and quite significantly, entitled "An Act to declare the *Rights* of Persons lately known as Slaves and as Free Persons of Color." The act as it passed the House read as follows:

"Be it enacted, &c., That all persons hitherto known in law, in this State, as slaves, or as free persons of color, shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be sued, to be affiants, and give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, convey, and assign real and personal property, make wills and testaments, and to have full and equal benefit of the rights of personal security, personal liberty, and private property, and of all remedies and proceedings for the enforcement and protection of the same, as white persons now have; and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pain, or penalty, for the commission of any act or offence, than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offences."

"SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts specially relating to persons lately slaves, and free persons of color, be and the same is hereby repealed."

This appears to have been so far modified by the Senate as not to effect a repeal of the statute declaring marriage between blacks and whites illegal and void. Further legislation for the benefit of the freedmen was postponed, the telegraph informs us, till the regular session in November. Among the bills that were lost out of sight was one presented by a Mr. Butler, which, after reciting the ratification of emancipation without compensation, and of the perpetual prohibition of slavery, by the people of South Carolina, concludes:

"Therefore be it enacted, &c., That all contracts involving the payment of money for the purchase of slaves that have been made, are hereby declared to be null and void, and that all parties indebted therefor under laws existing anterior to the 21th day of September, A.D. 1865, are, and are hereby declared to be, not liable for such payment."

—The Right Rev. Augustin Verot, who is Bishop of Savannah, and no friend to the "false philosophers and hypocritical philanthropists under the name of abolitionists," has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic Church in Georgia and Florida, informing them that one of the objects to be considered at the Catholic Plenary Council to be held next month at Baltimore will be the means of educating and converting the freedmen of the South. He attributes to the Holy See and the Catholic Church in Europe the liveliest sympathy in this new movement. This time, at least, the Pope is infallibly inspired.

—The blacks of Georgia are to meet on the 30th October at Macon in convention, in order to organize the State for the agitation of manhood suffrage. A full representation of counties is anticipated.

—The Savings and Trust Company for Freedmen has now nineteen agencies or branches in thirteen of the States and the District of Columbia.

Aggregate of deposits, July 1.....	\$616,802 54
Payments (to depositors).....	384,795 48
Amount remaining on deposit.....	\$232,007 06

A dividend of five per cent. per annum has just been declared on sums deposited for the past six months.

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

MR. GEORGE P. PHILES, of this city, has just published the "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima: A description of works relating to America published between the years 1492 and 1551." This most laborious catalogue is the work of Mr. Henry Harris, undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Samuel M. Barlow, of New York, whose private library is among the half dozen specially acknowledged by the compiler as having been opened to his researches. The titles of over three hundred books are here reproduced in Roman and black-letter, sometimes *in extenso* and sometimes abridged, with an occasional wood-cut in fac-simile. Annexed to each is a full description of the size, number of pages, type, and other technical particulars, followed, in many cases, by a discussion of the history of the book, its location in time and place, and some account of its author, with a list of the direct references to it, in other catalogues mainly. The order is chronological. There is also an appendix, an index of names, and a by no means large array of emendations and corrections. In the introduction, notice is taken of former bibliographers. A work like this is, of course, neither popular nor designed to be so, nor can it properly be an object of criticism except for a few whose general knowledge of books, or whose possession of works herein mentioned, or not mentioned, will enable them to speak by the card. Completeness in such matters is out of the question, and Mr. Harris's pretensions are quite modest. "To do some things even badly," said Massimo d'Azeglio, in the preface to his greatest historical novel, "costs labor and trouble." No one not envious of similar pains will be surprised at the closing declaration of this compiler, that it is his "first and last attempt at American bibliography."

It is, however, as a specimen of American typography that the "Bibliotheca" is especially admirable and worthy of all praise. Seldom does it fall to our lot to see press-work of such high and uniform excellence even in the most vaunted productions of our publishers. Five hundred and nine copies only have been printed—ten, for private distribution, being in quarto on Holland paper with broad margins, and those from which our description is taken. An examination of these pages, on which one may often find a dozen different fonts of type, will excite the most pleasurable sensations in the connoisseur, and his gratification will be changed into wonder when he is informed that they were printed on a *Hoe's cylinder press* at the rate of 750 an hour!—still more, that though 520 in number, they were composed and struck off in this exquisite manner in the short space of eleven months. It is perfectly credible, as is asserted, that Mr. Hoe himself could scarcely believe in this newly developed capacity of his own invention, which we have learned to regard as a universal blessing for its gigantic services to the newspaper, but which, probably for the first time, is brought into competition with the hand-press in the production of the choicest books. A crucial comparison happens to be actually afforded by the simultaneous appearance of another work by the same author (not published) entitled "Notes on Columbus," folio, pp. 215, and which bears the imprint of one of the most celebrated presses in the country. This, although more than two years in preparation, and printed entirely on the hand-press, is inferior to the "Bibliotheca" in evenness of tone, brilliancy of color, and in general mechanical execution. We understand that a copy of the latter is to be sent to the Exposition at Paris, duly authenticated and labelled, and it can hardly fail to be honorably noticed as a marvel of the printer's art. The press which has achieved so signal a progress is that of Messrs. J. M. Bradstreet & Son, already well known for their handsome "Commercial Reports."

—There has been sent to this country a single specimen of Tennyson's "Elaine," illustrated by Gustave Doré. It will contain nine large steel engravings, and will be printed in elegant type, on large paper of a quarto size. The sample copy contained photographs from four of the drawings. One represents Lancelot riding up to the castle of Astolat, an avenue through a dense forest, which recalls an illustration in Penault's "Fairy Tales," and one in "Les Contes Drôlatiques." Two others show the voyage and the arrival of Elaine's dead body. These

are exceedingly delicate and beautiful, and will bear reproduction on steel. Messrs. Moxon & Co., the publishers, advertise the volume for December 1; but its appearance will, we believe, be put off beyond that date. The publishers state that this is the first time that M. Doré has illustrated a contemporary author, as if Victor Hugo, Edmond About, X. B. Saintine, H. Taine, and numerous others, whose works his pencil has embellished, had died many years ago. It is the first time that M. Doré's works are engraved on steel.

—Nearly all young persons, whether in school and college, or attempting to cultivate themselves at home, feel the need of some system in their reading, and fatigue their instructors and educated friends to furnish them with courses of reading. Few, we suppose, carry out such a course; but all are glad to know what to read on certain general and common topics. Many a youth has bought and carefully perused "Pycroft's Course of English Reading;" but has been so frightened and disheartened by the course of abstracting and memorizing there proposed to him, that he has gone but little way in his intended system. To all such persons it is a pleasure to recommend "A Course of English Literature," lately published by James Hannay, who will be readily recollected as the author of a very pleasant essay on Thackeray, and a readable volume called "Satire and Satirists." Mr. Hannay treats the subject in an agreeable way. He divides English literature into epochs, and, giving to each a backbone of history, he allows divergence, at the will of the reader, among philosophy, poetry, fiction, letters, and light reading. He only recommends what is best to be read, as showing the style of the author and reflecting the spirit of the time. His criticisms are careful and just, and the book is worth reading merely for these, and for the general view which he gives of the whole of English literature. An American edition is soon to be issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., which will contain the excellent addition of a list of the most desirable editions of the works recommended in the book, by a well-known thorough bibliographer. This will, in fact, be a guide for buying an English library.

—At a recent banquet at Southampton in honor of Gov. Eyre, of Jamaica fame, the Rev. Charles Kingsley distinguished himself in no enviable way by his fulsome praise of Gov. Eyre and of the British Peerage. Since then John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle have both fallen into the ranks of Mr. Eyre's defenders, the latter as chairman of the "Eyre Defence Fund Committee." The *Saturday Review* says that Kingsley "gives too literal an interpretation to the Scriptural figure of walking with God, which he identifies apparently with stiff exercise around the Gulf of Carpentaria." All of Mr. Eyre's admirers, and notably Mr. Henry Kingsley in "Macmillan," have made the most of this daring feat of pedestrianism, and have set forth the Australian explorer as a hero of no common order. The expedition across that continent was certainly a daring one, and carried out with great pluck in face of frightful danger and hardships. But we have an account of the matter very different from Mr. Kingsley's romantic version in Mr. Anthony Forster's "South Australia: its Progress and Prosperity"—a very readable book. After the party of explorers commanded by Mr. Eyre had wandered about for nine months, and were in great distress for want of water, the question was raised whether it would not be better to return. On reflection, the party were convinced that return was not possible, and their only hope of safety was in going on. After the murder of Baxter by two of the natives, Mr. Eyre, left alone with a black boy, had certainly no choice. If retreat was before impossible, it was now worse. Death stared him in the face; by going on he might, perhaps, avoid it. He took the only route and escaped. The melodramatic accounts make out that return was easy and safe, and that his advance was only owing to his feeling of being bound in honor to carry out the wishes of his employers. The "great walk" sinks from a heroic act of duty to a mere race for life. It is a curious error of Mr. Kingsley to speak of it as a walk around the Gulf of Carpentaria; in fact, it was to the west coast, and not within a thousand miles of that gulf.

—With the thirteenth *livraison*, which has just appeared, is completed the first volume of the first half of M. E. Littré's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française"—a work called by Mr. Marsh, in a recent article on "Webster's Dictionary" published in THE NATION, "the best philological dictionary of a living tongue which modern science has



yet given to the world." It is about three years since the publication of the first pages, and, as most of the remainder is in manuscript, we may hope to see its completion in at least three years more. Littré calls his dictionary "a very extensive register of the uses of words, which includes the past as well as the present, especially when the past throws a light on the present." The plan of the work proposes a selection of examples from the classic and the earlier writers, the derivation of the words, and the strict genealogy of their meanings. The treatment of each word is of this kind: After the word comes its pronunciation, its inflection if in any degree irregular, the determination of the idea of the word, and the succession of different shades of meaning, with examples from the writers of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, notes on the proper orthography, on the grammatical construction, the errors to be avoided, etc., the discussion of synonyms, the history of the word, including a collection of examples from the earliest form of the language to the sixteenth century, and finally the etymology or derivation of the word.

—The usages of good society in England in the Middle Ages, which are set forth to some extent in the entertaining and amusing "Boke of Curtasye," published years ago by the Percy Society, are to receive further elucidation at the hands of the Early English Text Society. The Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, M.A., has undertaken to edit for them a collection of "Poems on Manners and Morals," in the Scotch dialect of about 1500 A.D., from the same MS. from which the "Lancelot du Sac" was edited. The same society is also about to reprint Richard West's curious little "Booke of Demeanour," 1619. This book shows an advance on one difficult point of mediæval manners—how to blow the nose. The early manuscripts tell their readers to get rid of the deposit as best they can, put it away through their tippets, etc.; but in West's time the use of the handkerchief was settled and expected in polite society. A transitional stage is marked in the "Boke of Hewe Rodes of the Kinge's Chappell," 1545; for, though he advises his readers to use their kerchiefs, he allows their fingers also, but requires polite men to tread the product, like spittle, under foot.

—The publication of "L'Affaire Clemenceau" by the younger Dumas marks an epoch in the realistic romance in France. It is the culmination of what has been, for some years, the tendency of French novel writers. Octave Feuillet and Jules Sandeau are the best writers of this class of romance. They portray the "idéale bourgeois." It is said that we may expect this fall quite a flood of new and startling romances, one by Feuillet, one by Sandeau, one by About, and one by Flaubert. It is also reported in Paris that the Emperor Napoleon is collecting materials for a "Life of Charlemagne," which he will begin as soon as he has finished his "Caesar."

#### SCIENTIFIC.

"MODERN CHEMISTRY."—Dr. Hofmann calls his most delightful little book, lately published, "Introduction to Modern Chemistry," and all the advocates of the new theories and the new notation are exceedingly fond of using this phrase, "modern chemistry," to describe their own views. The implication is that all other views are antiquated. It is about thirty years since the unitary notation was first suggested, and it is not yet ten years since it began to make head against the established usage. "Modern," then, is not used in opposition to ancient in the common sense, or even to mediæval, but is impertinently applied to the speculations of the last six or eight years, as if all former things were already passed away. But "modern chemistry" is the phrase, and the second word is quite as objectionable as the first; the new views are in no way entitled to the name of "chemistry." They relate chiefly to nomenclature and symbolic representation, and in part to classification, not to the substance of the science; they touch not the real body of the science, but its dress; not its real facts and thoughts, but the language in which these are expressed. Notation has been the strong point of several of the chemists who have largely contributed to the introduction of the new ideas. Thus, one of Dr. Odling's happiest thoughts was a method of indicating by dashes or Roman numerals, written or printed in the place of an algebraic expon-

ent, the number of atoms of hydrogen which one atom of each of the other elements is capable of *firing*, or combining with; thus, an atom of chlorine will only combine with one atom of hydrogen, and its symbol is, therefore, Cl<sup>i</sup>, while an atom of carbon can fix four atoms of hydrogen, and therefore has the symbol C<sup>iv</sup>. Mr. F. O. Ward, the gentleman who wrote Dr. Hofmann's book, sends a very long communication to the *Chemical News* of June 1, 1866, on the superiority of his newly invented term "*quintivalence*" to the older, though still very new, word "atomicity," and gives as his motive for writing the letter his desire to deprecate the course of another correspondent of the same journal, who has been so obtuse as to continue the series of expressions *uni-valent*, *tri-valent*, and *quadri-valent*, by the insufferable Greek and Latin composites *penta-valent* and *hexa-valent*, when he should have written *quinqvi-valent* and *sexti-valent*. The whole discussion is mainly one of names and signs and interpretation, not of facts and things. Thus the chemistry of water was as well understood before the controversy arose as to whether its symbol should be HO or H<sub>2</sub>O, as it is now. There is no doubt about the ultimate composition of acetic acid, and yet its formula is very variously written C<sub>4</sub>H<sub>4</sub>O<sub>4</sub>, C<sub>4</sub>H<sub>3</sub>O<sub>3</sub>, HO, C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>4</sub>O<sub>2</sub>,  $\frac{(C_2H_3O)^n}{H} \frac{1}{2} O$ , and in some fifteen other ways. Berzelius, who wrote the formula of nitrous acid NO<sub>2</sub>, had just about as much real knowledge of that substance as Mr. Ward has, who writes its formula N<sub>2</sub><sup>110</sup>O<sub>3</sub><sup>11</sup>. Dr. Hofmann more than once speaks of "building up, on a unitary basis, the magnificent edifice of modern chemistry," and he here only puts into rather lofty language the habitual thought of chemists of his school. We find in these words an inordinate pretension, quite unconscious, indeed, but not on that account more tolerable. They who build up an edifice from the basis, build the whole of it. Now the foundations of chemistry were laid in times of which there is no story, and brewers, wine-makers, dyers, smelters, necromancers, medicine-men, drug-mixers, alchemists, and artisans of all nations and generations have labored, not in vain, upon the building—some bringing the rough materials, others sorting, fashioning, and combining the accumulated material. With a few periods of abnormal activity, the work has gone on for centuries; and vast, indeed, is the structure which is the fruit of so much enthusiasm, genius, self-devotion, and patience. But in these latter days a few earnest workers have added a new wing to the spacious edifice, small, indeed, but of fair proportions, and full of bright colors. They have further re-upholstered some of the old furniture, re-dressed the ancient shrines, written a new inscription over the entrance-door, and have proposed to replace the old paintings by some of newer fashion, and even to paint over all the old symbols and decorations with tints which shall match the brightness of their new wing. To this audacious proposition, while some of their contemporaries consent, the greater part object; but, pending the discussion, the authors of the proposition, ignoring the labors of all past generations, dub themselves the builders "of the magnificent edifice of modern chemistry." Truly, a modest thought on their part ingeniously unfolded.

At the grand entrance to a public building devoted to science and letters, in Bologna, we encountered a splendid bust of the excessively coarse-looking trooper who happens to embody the grand idea of a free national life for Italy; wandering through an upper room in the same building, we chanced to notice a very beautiful bust of the present Pope ignominiously deposited on the floor behind a door. "Ah!" said our Italian friend, "you are looking at the bust which used to stand on the grand pedestal at the entrance." Though Protestant and republican, we could not but feel that the people of Bologna had therein done a mean thing, and had insulted themselves and their own history rather than their former sovereign. Let us, by all means, crown Gerhardt; but let us not put Lavoisier behind the door. Let us cheer on Hofmann and Würtz and Kekulé, Odling, Brodie, and Williamson; but let us not burn the laurels of Stahl and Bergmann, Thénard and Berzelius, Black and Faraday, Bunsen and Wöhler. Let us, by all means, get the best attainable technical language and notation, and be grateful to the authors and contrivers of these; for precision of language classifies thought, makes plain and sure the records of past progress, and facilitates the reaching forward into the dimness which always lies beyond the actual stand-point. But let us not mistake the form for

the substance, the language for the thought, the tools and instruments of the science for the science itself; let us not call that "modern chemistry" which is only the latest fashion of its outer garment.

Besides claiming for their peculiar theories a name to which they are not entitled, the advocates of the new system betray a strong tendency to strain special facts into conformity with their views, and to announce general propositions which rest on very little experimental evidence, not as if they were hypotheses and suggestions, but as if they were recognized laws. This tendency appears strongly in the great bulk of memoirs and essays which proceed from this school of chemists, but is of no great moment in such papers, because professional chemists and persons instructed in the science, to whom such memoirs are generally addressed, are able to allow for the exaggerations into which enthusiasm betrays the writers. The case is far otherwise, however, when the same spirit is manifested in a book addressed to the general public and inexperienced students. At the conclusion of a chapter on the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, Dr. Hofmann sums up in a tabular form what he calls "our present experience of the volumetric composition and condensation of bi-elementary chemical compounds," a matter, by the way, to which very great importance is attached by the new school. Two-fifths of the statements contained in this short table are purely hypothetical, as Dr. Hofmann, indeed, acknowledges in a preceding paragraph; nevertheless he interpolates these guesses among the results of actual experiment, and merely introduces the table with the saving clause, "with these reserves as to the third and fifth terms of the series, we may summarize as follows our present experience, etc." Now there should have been no series, for the hypothetical members, thus mildly alluded to as "reserves," constitute two-fifths of the whole.

Again, the relative size of the combining atoms of the various elements, and the atomic structure of the free molecule of each element, are points of essential importance in the new system, and great stress is laid upon the notion, already dignified by the name of a *law*, that the volume of the free molecule of any element is *normally* twice that of its combining atom. This double volume is almost invariably called "normal" by writers on the new system of notation. It is important for the elementary student to understand how very narrow the experimental basis is upon which this so-called *law* really rests. The relative size of the combining atom, and the atomic structure of the free molecule, have been experimentally determined for twelve only out of sixty-one recognized chemical elements; out of these twelve no less than four, or one-third, refuse to conform to the imagined law which makes the volume of the molecule twice the volume of the atom. Yet Dr. Hofmann, and all writers of his school, invariably speak of these four elements as presenting *anomalies*, as constituting *exceptions*. Now, the "generalization" to which these four elements do not conform is based upon experimental determinations embracing just eight elements out of sixty-one, and may emphatically be said to be "still awaiting final proof." While it waits, let it not be confidently taught in elementary manuals, and set forth in popular lectures and "Introductions to Modern Chemistry," as if it were one of the recognized fundamental principles of the science.

The new notation is the legitimate result of new or rather rejuvenated views concerning the constitution of matter; the talk is now of *atoms* instead of equivalents, and a new danger threatens the inexperienced student. The chemical philosophers of the new school are as fond of speculating about atoms as ever Leucippus and Democritus were. The student must nowadays read of atoms, molecules, dynaspheres, and divers other not wholly inconvenient hypothetical beings, which are too apt to be treated of as if they were not simply definitions and abstractions, but actual entities. Prof. Williamson, in a little manual of chemistry for beginners, writes as follows: "Each element consists of small indivisible particles called atoms." The sentence which immediately precedes this announcement is: "Its (methylamine) vapor burns easily, forming carbonic acid and water, and liberating nitrogen." Fancy and fact are here stated with equal conciseness, clearness, and positiveness. We *know* what happens when methylamine burns; we may *imagine* what we please concerning the ultimate constitution of an element or of any other sort of matter, but we know nothing

about it, and never shall. The elementary student is not sufficiently warned of the vital distinction between a fact of observation and a pure speculation by simply placing at the head of the section, of which we have quoted the first sentence, the words "Atomic Theory."

Dogmatism on matters passing knowledge is, however, far from being peculiar to or specially characteristic of the later writings upon chemistry alone; the other physical sciences have their full share of it. Herein lies a heavy discouragement to those teachers who are seeking a substitute for classical training in education. By the labors of centuries the grammar of Greek and Latin has been reduced to a tolerably consistent and logical method, which a boy who likes it may study minutely without blunting his perceptions or impairing his reasoning faculty. The mathematics also are a safe field. But how is it with the physical sciences? Are not the text-books on these subjects full of speculations, for the most part not carefully distinguished from facts, of words which stand for reason, or explanations of long names which are merely cloaks for ignorance? Has not light its imaginary ether, and heat its fancied rush and clash of atoms, and electricity its imaginary currents and oppositions, as well as chemistry its molecules and dynaspheres? The truth is, that ninety-nine hundredths of the existing manuals on chemistry and physics must disappear, and be replaced by more methodical and logical treatises, before the educational value of the study of the physical sciences can be even tried.

#### COMFORT FOR SMALL INCOMES.\*

MRS. WARREN'S "Tale," which we use as a text for a few remarks on the general subject expressed by our title, is devoted wholly to cookery and the management of servants. It is scientific rather than literary, and as such we shall regard it. But the kindred subjects treated of in this story and others of the series are of such real importance to the most of us, that any earnest endeavor to examine them deserves respectful consideration, though as a literary effort it deserve no consideration at all.

It is not a thing unheard of by any of our readers, or doubted by many of them, that, generally speaking, cookery is very imperfectly understood in America. From this little book, albeit addressed to English readers, our people may obtain many wholesome suggestions, attention to which will lead them to many wholesome viands. But we Americans need a further admonition in relation to our eating, addressed especially to those who cannot, as Mrs. Warren says, "afford the time to be ill, and money to pay the doctor." Aside from the question of defective cooking, it may safely be said that we eat too much innutritious and indigestible food, and have too great a variety upon our tables.

It may be assumed, as the verdict of experience, that while a steady adherence to a very limited diet will not of itself produce the most perfect health, yet that, other things being equal, with a very few plainly cooked articles at each meal, and a slight change from day to day, the digestive organs, and hence the physical and mental powers generally, can be kept at their maximum of healthful activity. As a rule, we use a great deal too much animal food. Meat is not needed by most persons more than once each day. And we make too little use of cereals, with the exception of wheat. With a little attention paid to these and a few other minor points, and the introduction of *system* into the supply, the expense of the table to most of our families might be considerably reduced, with more than a proportional increase in health and comfort.

Perhaps every man living upon a small income considers his an exceptional case. And so, possibly, in some points it may be. But, in the main, it is the same as that of the vast majority of the community of which he is a part, and of every community. The number of the rich is small. The prevailing need is to obtain the greatest amount of comfort from very limited resources. The sorry fact—the interfering element—is this: that the customs of society, to depart from which is to be shut up in an imaginary Coventry, are too frequently predicated upon the means and fancies of the rich minority, and not upon the needs and possibilities of the great mass of intelligent people.

Perhaps this is very natural; philosophers may trace it readily to its efficient cause. But while natural, it is far from inevitable, or necessary, or right. Our people, as a rule, have to earn that which they consume. The rich are exceptional—let them have their exceptional habits if they so desire. They are not necessarily especially wise, refined, or happy. For us it remains to be a law unto ourselves. If we choose we may eat season-

\* "Comfort for Small Incomes. By Mrs. Warren." Boston: Loring.



able and healthful food instead of that which is costly and productive of dyspepsia. If it seems to us meet, we may decline to make our appearance in clothing of a different cut upon each change of the season, and may, at the same time, be sure that we shall not therefore be excluded from any society which it will be a serious loss for us to miss. We cannot be compelled to pay for public amusements, either good or bad, if we prefer to have better amusements at home or in the immediate society of our friends. And, finally, we are not bound to have large parties, at great expense of money, time, and happiness, and call them pleasant reunions.

Of general rules for the procuring of comfort it is safe to say the first is this: without some system of accounts, however simple, economy of expenditure must be very difficult. We mean true economy—the subordination of items of expense in their relation of importance. We are writing for the many, and for the many it is not possible to supply all their wants. Mrs. Whitney, in her admirable “*Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite’s Life*,” makes one of her characters say, “Something gets crowded out with us all.” This is a fact which we can in no wise ignore, and it must be borne in mind in all our arrangements if we would attain real comfort.

In this, as in other cases, it is safest to return to first principles; to find for what purpose we were sent into the world, and, having decided this as well as in us lies, to guide ourselves somewhat accordingly. We find that we have for ourselves, and for those that depend upon us, to watch over the moral nature, the æsthetic nature, the physical nature; and for all of these we must provide proper nutriment. We have only a certain sum with which to get food for them; if, then, we know the proper relation between the items, we can readily settle the amount to be appropriated to each.

The list may be made up somewhat in this way: In the first place, we must have something to give. Let it be the merest trifle, if necessity so wills it, still we must not wholly surrender the habit of giving. Yet those with small incomes must be content, for the most part, to volunteer their labor, rather than their money, to the public weal. Then there are the expenses of association, whether in churches or otherwise, for moral and religious progress. Books and the news of the day cannot be neglected. If there be accessible a good library, with reading-room attached, these, with the ownership of a few good books, will suffice. Such works, with occasional visits to public exhibitions, and walks with open eyes in the country or in the town, will give more knowledge of art than is usually to be found under the finest broadcloth.

Society must be remunerated for the protection it affords, therefore taxes should be estimated liberally and cheerfully paid. Medical attendance will at some time be required, and must be provided for. The duration of life in the individual is, of all things, the most uncertain, while the average is well known; the prudent man will, therefore, provide for his family by insurance. Clothing should never be other than neat and good, and appropriate to the season. Avoiding the extremes of fashion, and buying that which accords simply with the needs of the wearer, with proper care and attention the same garment will be sound and seemly for the second and third season, which, under other circumstances, would scarce outlast the first.

Then as to mode of living. Housekeeping is human, boarding is simply animal. Yet even the lower animals know enough to avoid boarding, the only exception being the apparent exception of the Western rattlesnake, who is said to take lodging and meals with the prairie dog. Apparent exception, we say, because our friend the crotalus is not so stupid as really to sink himself into a mere boarder. Every little while he swallows his landlord or one of the family, which, in a manner, is a laudable reversal of the custom in human boarding-houses. So much better a guide after all is instinct than reason!—than our half-developed reason, at any rate. We are far from saying that when boarders shall become perfectly rational, and “all men’s good be each man’s law,” the boarders of New York, for instance, will not follow the wise serpent’s example. If a house can be obtained, or better, a suite of rooms properly, or even indifferently, fitted for housekeeping, the expense of living will be less, and its pleasures vastly greater. But note: the rent should not be more than two-ninths of the income. This being arranged, Mrs. Warren, or Mrs. Stowe, or any other writer on the subject, may be consulted with advantage. So much, however, must be appropriated for rent, so much for provisions, so much for insurance, for wages, for fuel, for light, for incidental expenses. Any one’s experience will give the items that are not to be “crowded out,” and a year’s account carefully sifted will give the proportions.

When all these things have been classified and estimated for, nothing is left to be done but to keep as much within the estimates as may be practicable without meanness. Should there remain a surplus beyond the amount which it is considered prudent to lay by for the proverbial “rainy

day,” the habits induced by the system will naturally decree its destination. Something must be “crowded out,” and to that purpose which is dearest to our hearts, according as our culture has been higher or lower, to our moral, æsthetic, or physical nurture, will the surplus be devoted.

#### AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN RUSSIA.\*

A GOOD deal of this book relates to a past which, though no further removed than 1860, can never be recalled. A great nation, in some aspects certainly the most interesting in Europe, has begun to take on a national development, after having for a century and a half unnaturally forced itself into foreign ways, manners, and even speech, and worn the garb of civilization with scarcely more decency than a naked savage with a coat of paint. History in that time has had little progress to record in Russia, and the descriptions of travellers at the beginning of the eighteenth century have been sufficiently accurate till within a very short period. Prof. Morley’s friend devotes a lively page to Russian contradictions. They could not help abounding in a country where the natives were the serfs, and their masters, as a rule, either foreign or of foreign descent—which on the one hand despised foreigners with Chinese contempt, and on the other summoned them in every necessity. Czar Peter, though inspired by a truly national, or at least patriotic, spirit, and a man of unmistakably grand ideas, distinguished himself by importing “outlandish artificers,” whether to make a stocking, to weave linen, to build an observatory, or to shear a sheep. Le Brun saw at Veronetz, in 1702, “five men-of-war built after the Dutch way, two after the Italian manner, a galeass after the Venetian way, and five other men-of-war after the English way.” A Scotchman built the first steam vessel for Russia. And though the empire has not lacked able men of Muscovite origin, a large part of its government and industry and material improvement has been due to foreign talent. Catherine herself, who did far more for her subjects than the blundering Peter, was the daughter of a petty German commandant.

For all this, there have been traits distinctively Russian. To begin with externals. Houses of brick or two stories high are still uncommon outside the cities. “Count Pomerin’s residence,” says our author, “was a very long and large wooden building, but I afterwards found it to be only of wood. It seemed to be of brick, and plastered. Three parts of it were of one story, but very high, and the other part, which formed the servants’ establishment, of two stories.” As for the wooden huts of the serfs, they are so low “that one wonders how such well-grown men stand up in them, especially as their walls are sunk at all manner of angles off the square.” “In the villages belonging to Count Pomerin the cattle of the peasants are housed in outbuildings immediately adjoining the low huts, the communication between them being always open.” Dung is used, like sea-weed on Cape Cod, to keep the frost out. “What windows I noticed were mere pigeon-holes.”

There are no small farmers in Russia, and cultivation has not sensibly improved in a hundred and fifty years. We read (p. 199):

“In the shed were lying two implements which attracted my attention: the first was composed of birch-trees cut down through the centre, with the branches chopped off within a foot of the trees. Half-a-dozen of these timbers, about seven feet long, were tied together with twigs of trees, the flat side up and the prongs of the branches down. Put two rough poles for shafts into this contrivance and the Russian peasant’s harrow is complete; price, nothing. Timofia told me that it did very well for his light sandy land, and that, if he found it rather light sometimes, he put a heavy stone on it. The other instrument was a plough, having two turned-up prongs like Dutch skates, ten inches apart, set in a rough wooden frame; betwixt them a projecting movable scoop for turning over the ground. This scoop had to be reversed every time Timofia turned his horses. He said this was a very dear implement, for iron had to be used in its construction. It cost even as much as two roubles, or about six shillings.”

Roads are better since Peter’s day—let alone the military railroad that Nicholas ruled from Petersburg to Moscow—when even in Moscow they were timbered like a bridge, and were only tolerable in winter when snow-buried. The necessities of a vast territory have perfected this means of intercommunication, so that, by horse-flesh at least, it is doubtful if in any country transportation is so swift, so certain, and so cheap; and the imposition laid upon individual peasants and communes to furnish horses and vehicles is one of the most justifiable oppressions peculiar to the late régime. Our author has the usual story of wolf-hunting, subjective and objective. He also confirms the old charge that a Russian is not to be brought to use and keep his horse well; while he does full justice to the honesty and fidelity

\* “Sketches of Russian Life before and during the Emancipation of the Serfs. Edited by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London.” London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. Pp. 288.

of the poor yeamshick (land-carrier), with his touching proverb, "It is only the lazy who don't wallop us."

What was the appearance of the serfs? Cotton has wrought some changes, but it has not affected the long beard, forsworn together with their mother tongue by the Russian nobility and bourgeoisie. Czar Peter found his people wearing long clothes hanging down to the ground, "to which sort of dress," says a contemporary, "they stuck very obstinately." The autocrat tried to cut off gowns and beards together, men being set at street corners with scissors, as they have since lain in wait for Confederate buttons; but the hair resisted where the cloth gave way, or else grew out again defiantly. This is the picture drawn in 1720:

"The peasants wear a coarse coat reaching to the knee, and in the summer-time they let the shirt, which is but short, hang out over the breeches, and gird it with a girdle, into which they put a great knife with a sheath before, a whip on one side, and their fur gloves and hatchet behind. Their hair is cropped to their ears, and their heads covered winter and summer with a fur cap. Their beards remain yet untouched, their hands being too clumsy to handle a razor. Their shoes are tied together with bast, for they know no better," etc., etc.

In 1860 our author writes:

"In outward expression the Russian serf is a mere clod of the valley. His dress is seldom varied. A little round low-crowned black felt hat, with narrow turned-up rims, covers the usual profusion of brown or carotey tangled locks, which are sometimes parted in front and cut straight at the neck. Every serf I have seen, who had reached manhood, had a beard, whiskers, and moustache, untouched by razor or scissors; so that most of these natural beards were magnificently long, rolling in soft curls, or spreading and bushy. . . . Count Pomerin's serfs were profusely hairy under their hats, were dressed in loose, often ragged, coats of grey, brown, or black felt, or in cloth, coarse as 'Hieland heather,' reaching a little below the knees, and held together at the waist by a belt, like a narrow horse-girth. Under the coat would be found either a striped cotton or plaid linen shirt of the coarsest material, called 'crash,' sometimes used for kitchen towels. Trowsers of the same material were stuck into brown or grey felt boots, and the toes within the boots would be wrapped around with a coarse linen rag in lieu of stockings. On their hands the serfs wear fingerless leather mittens; and in the girth-belt, on the right hip, carry a short-handled axe."

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to compare in like manner the present with the more ancient style of Russian baths. There is an amusing chapter on Russian shopmen, who out-Hebrew the Hebrews in sharpness, as has always been the case, and has caused the severity of the restrictions on the trading of Jews to be regarded as rather a mercy to the latter. The freaks of an "old-believer" domestic—one of a sect to whom the reforms of the patriarch Nikon were not palatable—are told with great relish and a remarkable freedom from resentment. The general character of the personal services rendered by household serfs is portrayed with absolute accuracy, and will vividly remind the reader of the recent condition of the South. Since we take occasion to remark here that Peter the Great unwittingly confounded these household serfs with those of the country by an indiscriminating census, in which their different state and origin were entirely overlooked, we must observe that in matters of history the book before us is not to be trusted. Its account of the origin of serfdom is absurdly imaginary, the iniquity of that business falling on the usurper Boris Godounoff, who, in 1593, forbade the peasants of landed proprietors to quit the soil, and so made it possible for them afterwards to be sold apart from the land and apart from their families, even down to the present reign. So our author's account of the lower orders, of the priesthood, truthful as it undoubtedly is, is likely to mislead from his omission to suggest the reasons for this shocking abasement, which are to be found first in the fact that, though a part of the state religion, they are forced to look for their support to their ignorant parishioners; second, that the language of the Scriptures (the old Slavonian stretched to the exigencies of new ideas) is not intelligible to the common people; third, that there is almost no moral preaching; fourth, that the style of those who do preach—bishops and metropolitans—is a mixture of the Scriptural and the vulgar dialect, given in the vulgar pronunciation, which is not the pronunciation of the elevated classes. It does not appear, either, that our author quite understood the nature of the patriarchate abolished by Peter I., nor the fundamental difference in the hierarchy of the Greek and Roman Churches.

Something we should like to add about the great sources of corruption and degradation in Russia—corporal punishment with the knout and stick, which, we may be sure, will soon follow capital punishment into oblivion—the pestilential "fabriques," or manufacturing establishments, also destined to be purified—and the drinking habits of the people, fostered by the Government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of brandy. Here, too, we may look for speedy reform, as Russia casts aside those protective notions which have, perhaps, never been so signally refuted as in her example. The Emperor's court to-day is not the bear-garden that it was when the great

Peter gave the light-headed ambassadors to his court "sleepy drinks, that their senses, unintelligent of his insufficiency, might, though they could not praise him, as little accuse." But when, as has been estimated, from 30,000 to 200,000 people perish annually from (too generally adulterated) brandy, a frightful barathrum of crime and immorality is foreshadowed. Already the author had witnessed a marked revolution in the material condition of the villagers since Alexander's fiat had made them freemen. Perhaps, in the second volume which he promises us, he will have much more to report in the same connection; perhaps, also, he will modify his denial of proper gratitude in the serfs for their great deliverance, and of a just understanding of the meaning of liberty.

### HERVEY'S POEMS.\*

"THAT his career was to a certain extent a *vie manquée* can scarcely be denied; but those who have experienced the remorse which must sooner or later attend the issue of opportunities unimproved and talents comparatively neglected may readily understand how severely the consequences may have pressed upon him." This was said of Mr. Hervey by one of his friends in the *London Art Journal*. Certainly the suggestion is charitable, and, properly enough, it may be allowed its weight in making up a judgment upon his or any man's life and work. Nor do we doubt its truth. We do wish, however, if this offence must needs come—and it is a very old one, and will never, we suppose, be out of fashion—that the remorse for it could be a repentance without poetical works; and if secret repentance is too much to ask for, we trust it will not seem too harsh to wish that the next best thing might be done, and the resultant poems be left obscure in the tearful "Amulets" and "Poetical Sketch-Books" and "Friendship's Offerings" in which it is their custom first to see the light. Why should they be torn from their natural companions, the lackadaisical mezzotints of the "Literary Souvenirs?" There is a place for everything; let everything be in its place. Since the first half of the saying gives to these things their only color of excuse for existence, the second half of it should be scrupulously and gratefully observed.

"To Myra," one of many hundreds of "Myras," Mr. Hervey sings in the manner following:

"I leave thee now, my spirit's love!  
All bright in youth's unclouded light;  
With sunshine round and hope above,  
Thou scarce hast learned to dream of night.

"Yet night *will* come! Thy bounding heart  
Must watch its idols melt away;  
And oh, thy soul must learn to part  
With much that made thy childhood gay!

"But should we meet in darker years,  
When clouds have gathered round thy brow,  
How far more precious in thy tears,  
Than in thy glow of gladness, now!

"Then come to me; thy wounded heart  
Shall find it has a haven still—  
One bosom—faithless as thou art—  
All, all thine own, 'mid good and ill!

"Thou leavest me for the world!—then go!"

and so forth. There are three or four more stanzas of it, all like the first three or four, and there are, we suppose, three or four hundred such stanzas in the book. Now that Miss Julia Mills writes no more letters to Dora Spenlow, and Dora writes no more back to J. M., it is impossible to see who are to make any use, or fancy that they derive any pleasure, from this sort of melodious woe. The italicizing, by the way, is not ours; but is either the author's or the editor's. It is a resource too lavishly used in a part of this piece following, which is entitled "All Alone":

"I am all alone!—and the visions that play  
Round life's young days have passed away;  
And the songs are hushed that gladness sings;  
And the hopes that I cherished have made them wings;  
And the light of my heart is dimmed and gone,  
And I sit in my sorrow, and all alone.

"And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,  
And friends have departed, one by one;  
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,  
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,  
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near  
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear.

"And the home of my childhood is distant far,  
And I walk in a land where strangers are;  
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I hear,  
Are not light to my spirit nor song to my ear;  
And sunshine is round me—which I cannot see,  
And eyes that beam kindness, but not for me."

In a strain somewhat different, or not different, is this sonnet, almost

\* "The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir." "Blue and Gold." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 1866.



the only sonnet in the volume. The author's strength does not lie in sonnets:

## SONNET.

"As one who saileth far o'er tropic seas  
From his own home on some dim northern land,  
Tasteth new odors on each winged breeze,  
By which his heart is stirred and forehead fanned;  
And sees his old familiar stars decline,  
As brighter stars come clouding to his eye,  
Changing his childhood's heaven beyond the line,  
For the rich pageant of a southern sky,—  
So as our vessel nears the line that parts  
Man from the fields where boyhood's wreaths were twined,  
New scents and stars come up our burning hearts—  
And more and brighter than we leave behind.  
But oh, the breeze that whispered, still, like truth!—  
The cool, clear starlights of my vanished youth!"

This is more cheerful in its tone than nine-tenths of the book. Open it almost anywhere, and still you find a world lamentably full of emptiness, "a dreary sea, a dreary strand, the spirit's Labrador;" lacerated hearts "tutored not to weep, where grief lies hushed but not asleep;" "hopes that, like the prophet's gourd, grew up to perish in a night," and "hopes that may not bud amid my spirit's gloom," and "hope that's been—like thee, like thee—a lost and perished thing," and "hope and the dreams of hope which lie dead," and "hopes I nursed to see them die," and blighted bosoms and withered bowers, and waste and desolate tracks, and faded wreaths, and, in short, all the immemorial and inevitable consequences—sad enough when one thinks of them as such—of the "opportunities unimproved, and talents comparatively neglected," of a certain class of people. It is a class of people of whom the world has a right to ask more virtue or less noise.

Some of the many verses of Hervey's writing which were suggested by pictures or pieces of sculpture, and written, we suppose, to make so much letterpress to accompany engravings in the magazines and annuals, show more taste and knowledge by far than is usually possessed by the practitioners of gift-book poetry. And in some of the charades, and in a production entitled "The Devil's Progress," and avowedly modelled upon the famous "Devil's Walk," he gets clear for a little while of his prevailing lugubrious flatness. But we find nothing that, as a poem, or even as poetry in the rough, deserves a moment's consideration.

Prefixed to the poems is a memoir of the author, prepared, we suppose, by the editor, and very ill done. A sentence may serve as a sample of the whole: "No man should venture to write the life of his world-fellow until he has left his own youth far behind him." We gather from the memoir that Thomas Kibble Hervey was a Scotchman, whose parents, removing from Paisley, took him to England about 1802 or 1803; that he was educated at the Manchester Free Grammar School; that on leaving school he was articulated to a firm of solicitors, and went up to London, where soon he began to study conveyancing; but in accordance with the advice of Serjeant Scriven, in whose office he was, his father sent him to Cambridge to Trinity College. He resided in Cambridge only two years, and in 1820, having just published a poem called "Australia," originally begun as a prize poem, he left the university without a degree, and "led a life of pleasure, mixed with literary pursuits," in London. Thenceforward he contributed voluminously to many periodicals and annuals, for eight years was editor of the *Athenæum*, and in 1859 died at the age of sixty.

## CHARLES LAMB.\*

It must be that Charles Lamb is not so well known in England as here. Or it may be that this memoir, being the work of an aged man who may be supposed somewhat unacquainted with late contemporary literature, is for that reason largely made up of matter with which we of this generation, on both sides of the water, were before quite familiar. At any rate, those of the friends of Elia who never knew him in the flesh, but have learned to love him in his books and letters, and as he is shown in Talfourd's story of his life, will find that this volume has very little that is new to tell them. They will, however, be glad of its publication, for it is that old and most pathetic story well told. It is sure of a pleased and sympathetic audience. For though there may be other modern English writers who have a far greater number of followers, a greater number of fervent admirers; though Carlyle, for instance, has more worshipping disciples, Macaulay more imitators, Dickens, or, to go a little further back, Scott, more of those readers who read only Dickens or Scott, though Thackeray has the allegiance of more men—men of the world, whose tone of thought and whose opinions of life and views of human nature are formed and colored by his—and though, perhaps, all of these were minds of greater force and weight than Lamb's, yet this, at all events, is true, that, not even excepting poor Goldsmith, there is no writer of

this last hundred years to whom his readers give nearly so much of their loving friendliness and warm respect as to this most companionlike and dear and delightful of the English humorists. Doubtless it is because Lamb was a humorist that this is so; in the writings of humorists it being the man himself, his weaknesses, his faults and foibles, as well as his better part that we see, and so we get to have a strong personal feeling for him. It is as a mind, and not as a man, that one likes Emerson, for instance. But only Emerson can easily think of Montaigne as a mind, and not a man. And in the case of Lamb his readers experience, in the fullest measure of it, that fellow-feeling which makes us kind. We listen, then, to Barry Cornwall's recollections of his intimate friend with all the pleasure with which we hear kind talk about a favorite companion gone, and do not insist that it shall be wholly new. Some of it, however, is new in part. This incident could hardly have been told by any one but Mr. Procter himself. It is a passage which serves to show that feature of the book of which we have spoken as a fault; for, except the strictly personal matter related in it, there is nothing that has not been well said before:

"Lamb's charity extended to all things. I never heard him speak spitefully of any author. He thought that every one should have a clear stage, unobstructed. His heart, young at all times, never grew hard or callous during life. There was always in it a tender spot, which time was unable to touch. He gave away *greatly*, when the amount of his means is taken into consideration; he gave away money—even annuities, I believe—to old impoverished friends whose wants were known to him. I remember that once, when we were sauntering together on Pentonville Hill, and he noticed great depression in me, which he attributed to want of money, he said, suddenly, in his stammering way, 'My dear boy, I—I have a quantity of useless things. I have now—in my desk, a—a hundred pounds—that I don't—don't *know* what to do with. Take it.' I was much touched; but I assured him that my depression did not arise from want of money."

And this, we believe, contains something new. We would remark, by the way, that if Lamb's idea of the respect and admiration due the mad duchess was, perhaps, strained and a little whimsical, Mr. Procter's, apparently, is too low. It was a poet worth liking who wrote the lines beginning:

"Give me, O indulgent fate—  
Give me yet, before I die,  
Some sweet but absolute retreat."

Lamb, had he foreseen the despite done her name in this volume, would, some night, have read those verses to his friend and saved her the dishonor.

"He liked best those who had not thriven with posterity: his reverence for Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, can only be explained in this way. It must not be forgotten that his pity or generosity toward neglected authors extended also to all whom the goddess of Good Fortune had slighted. In this list were included all who had suffered in purse or in repute. He was ready to defend man or beast, whenever unjustly attacked. I remember that, at one of the monthly magazine dinners, when John Wilkes was too roughly handled, Lamb quoted the story (not generally known) of his replying, when the blackbirds were reported to have stolen all his cherries, 'Poor birds, they are welcome.' He said that those impulsive words showed the inner nature of the man more truly than all his political speeches."

Mr. Procter is fully at one with his readers in the deep respect which is at the bottom of his love for Lamb. He knew as they know, and as the readers of Elia did not in his lifetime know, the truly heroic beauty of Lamb's life. This knowledge gave him eyes to see rightly all Lamb's actions, and enabled him to judge, without misconception, his friend's words and ways. The idea of the memoir which is central, which gives it a rare artistic completeness, the one constantly recurring, and to which all its other facts and ideas are made subordinate and subsidiary, is well expressed at the outset in the following words:

"The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is, probably, a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Everything was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who in a moment of uncontrollable madness had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentle woman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured, through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncompromising endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic."

It is a story that can hardly be too often told, and from the telling of which we may expect great good in these days when young people, not so bad as weak, write "Emily Chesters" and inculcate the meanest, most selfish succumbing to circumstances. Let them read this story of a life of continual self-sacrifice, and remember that all

"Life needs for life is possible to will."

\* "Charles Lamb. A Memoir. Barry Cornwall." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. Pp. 304.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### WORK FOR "CONSERVATIVE" REPUBLICANS.

THE New York Times confessed on Monday morning that "there is no difference of opinion in the Union party, and very little anywhere else, as to the wisdom of ratifying the Constitutional Amendment." It also admits "that the objects sought to be attained by the amendment are important and desirable," and defends the various sections of the amendment *seriatim*. It closes by saying:

"The amendment now awaits the action of the Legislatures of the several States. It is just in itself, and its adoption, by remedying injustice and providing for the public safety, would do much toward tranquillizing public sentiment and preparing the way for the more speedy restoration of peace and harmony to all sections of our common Union. It is greatly to be regretted that all the States were not represented in the Congress by which it was proposed; but it is submitted to them all for their consideration and action. Nothing would conduce more to the public peace than its speedy ratification, especially by those States which are to be most directly affected by its provisions."

This is what moderate and intelligent men of the party of Congress have been saying all along, and this is what we took the liberty of saying last week. It is, no doubt, "greatly to be regretted that all the States were not represented in the Congress by which it was proposed," as it is to be regretted that they did not participate in all the legislation of the last five years; but, as nobody is to blame for their absence but themselves, we do not think this circumstance possesses any material importance. All lamentations over it are about as sensible and pertinent as those of a debtor that he is not a creditor, or a criminal that he is not a judge.

Inasmuch as the address of the Philadelphia Convention spoke of the conditions of readmission which Congress seeks to impose on the South, and which the *Times* here characterizes as just and reasonable in themselves, as "humiliations" which the Southerners could not submit to "without proving themselves unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of a heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of the republic," we take it for granted that a change has come over the opinions of those who deserted the Union party for the purpose of confirming Mr. Johnson in his delusions and usurpations, and that they are all coming back again. The language and nominations of the Democratic party in the recent conventions in this State and elsewhere prove, in fact, that the idea of building up "a new party" really never entered into the heads of the mass of Mr. Johnson's supporters. What they have had in view has been the resuscitation of the Copperhead organization under Mr. Johnson's auspices, and, under cover of zeal for the Union, giving it a new name, and infusing into it a few "penitent" Southerners. They enjoyed a little success, as might have been expected, in Philadelphia; but when the State branches began to work all over the country, removed from Mr. Doolittle's supervision, the true nature of the organization was revealed, and it was, almost in a week, blasted by public opinion. It might have taken a little longer to destroy it but for Mr. Johnson's speeches. They furnished the needed gloss on the address and resolutions. After one or two had been delivered, everybody understood the movement just as well as if he had been present at the inmost caucuses. It may now be considered dead.

Those members of the Union party, however, who helped to set it going, owe some atonement to the public which they have treated with outrage and contempt. Anybody, for instance, who got up, or aided and abetted in the getting up of the little tableau in which "South Carolina and Massachusetts walked into the convention arm-in-arm," owes an apology, as ample as it can be made, to "every man, woman, and child," as Mr. Johnson would say, in the United States. Even the idiots and lunatics have cause to complain of him.

But apology is not sufficient. They are morally bound to devote

the next three months to undoing the mischief they have done, to dissipating the delusions which they have helped to spread at the South; to diffusing in those States which were not present when this amendment was proposed just and true notions of its scope and tendency and policy; to satisfying them that it is expedient, moderate, and magnanimous—one which, considering all the circumstances of the case, the provocations we have received, the passions which have been roused, the fierceness of the struggle in which we have been engaged, the magnitude and completeness of the victory we have achieved, must for ever commend itself to the conscience of the civilized world as the most moderate, merciful, and considerate conditions that conqueror ever offered to conquered. We say deliberately that there is not on record an example of such forbearance; that it marks a great advance in public morality, a great increase in the influence of religious feeling on political action, that a victorious people should offer to a prostrate enemy, who had hissed out hate and contumely to the very hour of his overthrow, terms of peace and union which bind him to nothing but to do justice and love mercy.

The Charlottesville *Chronicle*, a Virginian paper, which is, on the whole, reasonable, accuses us, in commenting on the nature of the Constitutional Amendment in the same terms two weeks ago, of having "let loose the fires of hell." This is, of course, Southern for displaying rancor or malignity. It considers the Southern population the worst treated of all the conquered nations of history, and cites in proof the loss of its slaves, and the clause of the amendment which disqualifies for office persons who, after having sworn allegiance to our Government, took service with its enemies. It is to be observed that this disqualification is not perpetual. It may be removed at any time by a two-thirds vote of Congress, and that it would be removed after a year or two of order and quiet, we have no sort of doubt. But with anybody who sees in this a hardship, we really do not know how to argue. For two persons to discuss with profit whether a thing is just or merciful, they must have some common notions of mercy and justice; just as to discuss with profit a question of social justice or propriety, they must belong to the same civilization, and have been brought up under codes of manners having at least the same basis. If a servant insists upon it, for instance, that after having left your service suddenly to head a gang of robbers in an attack on your house, and having been arrested by the police and forgiven by you, you are bound either *immediately* to take him back again or help him to find another place, there is really no reply to be made to him or his advocates. He has got into ethical regions to which none of us are prepared to follow him. So, also, when a servant of this Government who has sworn solemnly to bear true allegiance to it deliberately seizes the first opportunity that presents itself to labor for its overthrow, and is defeated after a bloody struggle, and then accuses us of barbarity for not letting him *immediately* fill any public office to which he can secure his election, and wield authority over the citizens of the United States, argument with him is useless. The only course left us is to lay the facts before the civilized world, and ask it to judge.

The abolition of slavery was, no doubt, a severe blow to many individual Southerners, but to the community at large it was a great gain. The slave, as a mass of flesh and blood, was absolutely worthless in a commercial sense. It was his labor which made him valuable, and his labor remains to the South, and remains under conditions which make it vastly more profitable than ever it was before. Besides, the fall of slavery was a necessary result of the war, not a condition imposed on the vanquished. We are no more to blame for it than for the destruction of any other kind of property caused by the operations of the armies. It fell because our authority was substituted, as the result of our military successes, for the authority of the States; and to have asked us to maintain it would have been asking the victors to submit to terms imposed by the vanquished, to uphold at the request of defeated enemies an institution which we consider immoral and opposed to the spirit of our government and society. The Highland clans, during many centuries, drew a good annual revenue from raids on the Lowlands, and were as satisfied of the morality of cattle-lifting and levying black-mail, when done on a grand scale, as Mr. A. H. Stephens of the morality of slaveholding. But when an end was put to these forays in 1745, it was not because he gave security to Low-



land farm-yards and hen-roosts that the Duke of Cumberland was held up to execration. It was because he slew hundreds in cold blood when the fighting was over. How many rebels have perished under our axes or halters?

### PERSONALITIES IN POLITICS.

WE have received from friendly sources letters, couched not always in respectful language, representing the error and even the sinfulness of our occasional strictures on men who represent ideas which we ourselves earnestly advocate, and are champions of causes which we with them hold dear. Without going into a detailed defence of our own criticisms, which might be unsatisfactory to our correspondents, we will attempt to state the principle we have adopted for our guidance, and have tried, possibly without invariable or absolute success, to act on. In this country, where there is no standard of political opinion fixed by authority, supported by government, or made venerable by tradition, but where opinion, even on primary questions, is, by means of debate and discussion, continually a-making, it is of first moment that all political and social doctrines should be tried on their merits by rational criticism. The party press, especially in party times, cannot be expected to do this, for it is engaged in working up particular cases, in meeting special emergencies, and in assailing or defending immediate points. It must, therefore, sink the fundamental to some degree in the transient; must not be too nice in distinctions or over-fine in qualifications; and, having to carry an issue, must bring up at the moment all the forces within reach, though in doing so it weakens for the time the strength of important posts. Hence it becomes the more urgent duty of the independent press to look after these prime interests, to take ideas at their essential value, to try principles by their weight in the scales of judgment, to winnow the wheat from the chaff with which party discussions cover the mental surface of the time, and to contribute something, week by week, to the sum of rational belief on which the community must live and grow, if it is to live and grow according to the law of its civilization. The office of clear, candid, comprehensive, independent criticism, as judicial as it is possible to make it, cannot be held in too high esteem. If we cannot have it, we cannot have well-grounded political convictions, but shall be torn up from the roots by every convulsion of party passion.

It is admitted that such criticism of principles cannot be carried on without some criticism of the men who represent and maintain them. Personalities are necessarily involved in our politics, for it is often extremely difficult to separate ideas from the peculiarities of the men who initiate or sustain them. Those peculiarities are not seldom an element in the composition of the ideas, so that we are unable to decide what a doctrine is worth till we have rendered account of the characteristics of its exponents, in so far as they are involved in the question at issue. If Mr. Wendell Phillips assumes an air of infallibility not always justified by the facts or arguments at his command, no personal admiration for him should tempt a fair mind to put that feature out of view. If Mr. Thaddeus Stevens allows a passionate enthusiasm to mislead his judgment in a case of vital concern, justice demands that such an element should be noted and allowed for. If Mr. Charles Sumner permits his convictions to run into dogmatism, and lends the undue force of a vehement temper to the momentum of his argument, the truth is more than Mr. Sumner; and he would be the last to desire that a respect for his character, ability, or magnificent service should blind any one to the mischief that might follow an unnoticed flaw in his mental constitution. If Mr. Horace Greeley, in the heat of a momentous canvass, gives undue license to his extraordinary power as a partisan writer, and mixes too much polemical animus with his discussions, it is but fair that the public should understand that too, and should learn to discriminate between the arguments of the thinker and the "points" of the political leader.

If it be urged that in this way we injure the influence of the ablest and noblest leaders, we reply that our purpose is to estimate that influence precisely and reduce it within its just dimensions. No leader should have an undue influence through the force of his personal magnetism; no man should have an illegitimate influence through the

trick of his talent; no man, on one side or the other, should enjoy an influence through his weaknesses or defects which he could not exert through his powers and virtues; and if the former conceal, displace, or counteract the latter, the public should be saved from such a misfortune by timely criticism. The men we have mentioned will always exert, through their ability, a merited and mighty influence, which the pruning-knife of criticism will, instead of impairing, help to make sound and wholesome for permanent use. Though even of such influence the educators of the people should be reasonably jealous, for just so far as it obtains sway it interferes with the independent investigation of opinions.

But this criticism of personal qualifications that we advocate as necessary to the attainment of correct judgments is a very different thing from the criticism of private character that is resorted to for the compassing of party ends. That is as unjustifiable as the other is indispensable. The moral character of a man is rarely implicated directly, or within the scope of our observation, in his political or social opinions, and we hold it to be as unwise as it is unfair, unkind, and uncharitable to confound questions of opinion with questions of purpose, intention, or motive. To say that a change of policy implies a change of heart, that the abandonment of a party on a temporary issue is equivalent to the desertion of a great moral principle; that a mistake is a fall, and a blunder an apostasy; to call a man a traitor, hypocrite, fool, knave, abandoned villain, and whelp of sin because he does not repeat the party creed word for word, or tread in file the beeline of party tactics, or consent to swallow the smallest grain of inference prescribed by the party physicians—is one of those outrageous absurdities which honest men cannot abide patiently; and the habit, so common as to be invariable among us, of ascribing baseness, meanness, avarice, cunning, ambition, and whatever other turpitude can be imagined—or, in default of turpitude, idiocy, lunacy, softening of the brain—not to political opponents merely, but to those who are but remotely suspected of being political opponents, calls for the severest condemnation of right-minded men. No cause deserves to thrive that has recourse to personal slander and random vituperation. No cause can be intelligently advocated on those terms. A man's motives are his own. Till he chooses to declare them, we are bound to give him credit for good ones. No party monopolizes character. The purest men—John Newton, for instance, or Las Casas—have committed terrible blunders and still have remained pure men. The most selfish men have been saved from blunders by their astuteness, but have been base men still. We have our own deliberate opinion of Andrew Johnson as a statesman, administrator, politician, thinker, orator, and it is not a high one, as all our readers know. Indeed, we may say, it could not well be made lower. Still, as a man, we believe him to be honest in deeming himself a true lover of the Union, a firm defender of the Constitution, a loyal friend of republican liberty, a champion of popular rights. To call him a Judas, a Mephistopheles, a "besotted sans-culotte," helps to no explanation of his position; that is sufficiently accounted for by his temperament, birth, education, experience as a Tennessean. That he is limited, coarse, passionate, aggressive, stubborn, fanatical, all can see, and all can understand why he cannot be anything else. That is our misfortune, but it is not his sin. To say it is simply to say what his antecedents justify us in saying; but it is not to asperse his motives or to blacken his character. His character may be as good as any man's under his conditions.

If we may analyze Mr. Johnson without calumniating him, and denounce his policy without dooming him to the traitor's hell, how much more easily can we do so in the case of Mr. Beecher, whose antecedents are so different, whose temperament is so much finer, whose character is cast in so much grander mould, whose history has been written in such luminous letters, whose career has been so magnificent as preacher, thinker, reformer, man, whose sympathies have been so true, whose purposes have been so steadfast, whose words have been so outspoken, so unequivocal, so consistent, on all the great issues of the generation. We have said before, and we say again, that in our judgment he has committed a grave mistake, most unfortunate and mischievous to himself and to the country. He is virtually giving aid and comfort to his old enemies, and is lending the immense weight of his name, we will

not say of his character, to the cause which he has been fighting grandly for twenty-five years. Shall we declare, then, that he is a "false clergyman," that "he belongs to that class of ministers who suppose that in order to be a politician it is advisable to turn their backs on morals and religion," that "he is a foolish preacher who wishes to make out a case," that "he is not so shallow that he altogether forgets to be knavish," that, in discussing the condition of the freedmen, he shows "the extreme of heartlessness and baseness?" That were a poor compliment to human nature. Then history goes for nothing, and character goes for nothing; the record of a lifetime may be blotted by the misconception of an hour; a foolish word is to outweigh a whole career of deeds; and a splendid fame, built up on earnestness, devotion, and consecrated ability, is to be blackened and ruined by a hurried letter! What is the use of making a character if the venom of partisan detraction can spoil it in a day, if years of strenuous life are not good against the foolish inference of a demagogue?

It is an insult to intelligence to say that Mr. Beecher's most unfortunate position can only be explained on the theory of his personal infidelity to his convictions. No doubt, a man of his influence has been sought by men of the President's party, whose ingenious representations had a momentary effect on a mind naturally disposed to listen to all sides of an argument, jealous of narrowness, on its guard against its own bias, and prone to give generous interpretations to opposing views. Then, again, Mr. Beecher is rather a man of impulse than a man of intellect, a poet rather than a statesman or politician or a philosopher. His opinions no more contain his feelings than his feelings contain his opinions. Such men always indulge in vagaries from the excess of their enthusiasm; they are fond of straying off into side-paths, under the lead of a fancy; but the very frequency of their aberrations proves that they are sure of finding the high road at any moment. But whether this be so or not, it is not necessary, and if it is not necessary it is not wise, to implicate the character of a powerful man, or of a man not powerful in his political views, especially when political views are shifting their bearings as they do with us. Character is a permanent force, good for all emergencies, and needful at all times. We cannot afford to play fast and loose with it; if we do, we miss it in the time of greatest need. The world will not be three months older before these very calumniators will wish the calumny had never been uttered, will be glad to enthrone the man they slandered in the highest seats of popular regard, and will be as irrational in calling in his personal influence as they are now in ruling it out. Opinions pass, tactics alter, issues are dropped, views dissolve; but it is of the utmost moment that well-earned personal influence should be carefully guarded and cherished; for, whatever beside may be on the wrong side, that is ever on the right. It is the supreme of folly to kill what may help a generation in order to secure point for a paragraph.

Is our position, then, a plain one? For the sake of impartial criticism, in the interest of sober principles, that questions at issue may be kept well-defined and clear, that doctrines may be argued on their merits, that injustice may be avoided, that personal reputation may be unscathed and personal honor respected, that the right of free discussion may be maintained inviolate, and that the community may preserve reverence for its great and good men, at the same time that men learn reliance on their own judgments, we enter our protest against the prevalent introduction of personalities into politics. If our politics are ever to become noble, the practice must be abandoned. Sensitive men, and the most sensitive men are apt to be the finest, will shrink from the struggle with bullies and bruisers, and will leave the conduct of public affairs to the mob of unprincipled schemers. Already the habitual resort to personal vituperation operates as a terror to fair-mindedness, as a bounty on hypocrisy, as a bribe to apostasy; for none but the best can face it, and the best will not choose to face it. Every man has an interest in the politics of this country. Every good man has a sacred interest in their nobleness, and they who make it their profession to have politics in their especial charge should see to it that the good men who are interested in politics have weight according to their goodness, and that good men who are not interested become so.

### WHY IT PAYS TO BUY GOLD.

THE establishment of a new gold exchange in the lower hall of the New York Stock Exchange, under the auspices of leading members of both boards of brokers and quite a number of leading banking houses, has led to enquiry into the soundness of the rules which govern the trade in gold. Among other rules, the one which imposes a penalty of one-quarter of one per cent. for non-delivery has been anxiously discussed. For the benefit of readers out of Wall Street, we may explain that when a broker agrees to deliver to another broker one hundred shares of Erie at a given price on a given day, and fails to deliver the stock, the buyer's remedy is to buy in the stock publicly in open market, through an official of one of the boards, and to hold the seller for any difference between the price at which he so buys in the stock and the price at which he had originally purchased it of the defaulting vendor; if the buyer neglects or elects not to avail himself of this remedy, he is held to assent to the postponement of the delivery till the following day. With gold the rule is different. If a man sells \$10,000 gold and neglects to deliver it on the day it is due, he must pay one-quarter of one per cent.—say, \$25—to the buyer by way of penalty for non-delivery, and a like penalty for each subsequent default. The rule was established at a time when transactions in gold were loosely conducted, and it was highly desirable that speculators should be taught the necessity of a strict adherence to contracts. But in practice the rule has had an effect which was not anticipated by its framers. It established a normal—though fictitious—value for the use of gold. It started the idea that, instead of borrowing money to carry gold, holders might, by a judicious manipulation of the market, and by a combination among themselves, exact from short sellers and borrowers of gold a bonus for the use of specie from day to day. It accustomed operators to the notion that gold was so scarce that it ought to command a premium for immediate delivery. And in this way it led ultimately to the great speculative combinations for the rise in gold which very nearly ruined the Government in the last year of the war, and which now keeps the premium twenty to twenty-five per cent. higher than it was in March last.

It has been calculated that a man who bought a million of gold on the 1st of March last, and has steadily lent it out ever since, has made 37 per cent. on his investment. If he bought his gold at 127, which was the average price in March, his gold now costs him 90 per cent. As he can sell it at 144, he can realize 54 per cent., or \$540,000 in currency, by selling out. What legitimate business offers such profits as this?

It may well be questioned whether any such profits would have been realized, or any such operations undertaken, but for the one-quarter per cent. rule above mentioned. The great speculators who combined last spring to buy up all the floating gold in Wall Street relied upon the prospect of lending out their gold as their main source of profit. Merchants who borrowed gold for the payment of duties, short sellers who required gold for immediate delivery, agents of California shippers who sold against remittances by steamers, were all at the mercy of the little clique of gold-jobbers who had bought up the bulk of the floating gold in Wall Street. If it had been Erie, or pork, or cotton, or wheat, there might have been some temporary inconvenience in effecting deliveries, but in the course of a day or two everything would have been smoothed over. But in the case of gold the borrowers were met at once with the rule of the Gold Room which arbitrarily declares the daily value of gold to be one-quarter per cent. With this rule to back them, the cliques refused to lend their gold under one-eighth of one per cent. The merchants and the bears had no choice but to accede to the terms proposed; and hence, for days and weeks, the cliques were enabled to lend their gold at one-eighth or one-quarter per cent. daily. Had there been no one-quarter per cent. rule, it is very doubtful whether the cliques would have ventured to purchase all the floating gold of the Street, and it is quite likely that the bears, rather than pay a bonus for the use of gold, would have elected to have their contracts closed by an officer of the Gold Room.

Opinions continue to differ with regard to the future course of gold. One set of men, in view of the heavy rains at the North-west, the unfavorable reports from the South, and the prospect of heavy importa-



tions of goods from Europe, expect gold to advance to higher points than it has touched since the fall of Richmond. Another set of men, dwelling upon the steady reduction of the national debt, and especially upon the liquidation of all those forms of indebtedness which stood in the way of contraction of the irredeemable paper money, cannot see why gold should rule higher now than it ruled in March last. So far as the crops are concerned, the public may rely upon it that the current reports are more likely to be under than over the fact. For twelve years we have heard the same story each successive year—the crop is ruined, cotton and corn. Yet each year we have seemingly had enough for ourselves and for Europe. It must always be borne in mind that the parties who circulate these stories about ruined crops have got stocks on hand for sale. On the other hand, the vast bank expansion is sure to lead to extravagant expenditures by individuals, and consequently to large importations of foreign goods. But, again, the more the European people invest in our five-twenty bonds, the better they like them, and, practically, they pay for hardware and dry goods just as effectually as cotton or corn.

It seems to be a settled fact that the Government is not going to sell any more gold. Europe is supplying all the bullion required for the payment of duties at our custom-houses. When the Treasury holds \$100,000,000 of its own, it will be dangerous to buy gold for the rise. This will occur before New Year.

### ROMAN PEARLS.

#### I.

THE first view of the ruins in the Forum brought a keen sense of disappointment. I knew that they could only be mere fragments and rubbish, but I was not prepared to find them so. I learned that I had all along secretly hoped for some dignity of neighborhood, some affectionate solicitude on the part of nature to redeem these works of art from the destruction that had befallen them. But in hollows below the level of the dirty cow-field, wandered over by evil-eyed buffaloes, and obscenely defiled by wild beasts of men, there stood here an arch, there a pillar, yonder a cluster of columns crowned by a bit of frieze; and yonder, again, a fragment of temple, half gorged by the façade of a hideous renaissance church; then a height of vaulted brick-work, and, leading on to the Coliseum, another arch, and then incoherent columns overthrown and mixed with dilapidated walls—mere phonographic consonants, dumbly representing the past, out of which all vocal glory had departed. The Coliseum itself does not so well express a certain phase of Roman life as does the Arena at Verona; it is larger only to the foot-rule, and it seemed not grander otherwise, while it is vastly more ruinous. Even the Pantheon failed to impress me at first sight, though I found myself disposed to return to it again and again, and to be more and more affected by it.

Modern Rome seemed, first and last, hideous. It is the least interesting town in Italy, and the architecture is hopelessly ugly—especially the architecture of the churches. The Papal city contrives at the beginning to hide the Imperial city from your thought, as it hides it in such a great degree from your eye, and old Rome only occurs to you in a sort of stupid wonder over the depth at which it is buried. I confess that I was glad to get altogether away from it after a first look at the ruins in the Forum, and to take refuge in the Conservatorio delle Mendicanti, where we were charged to see the little Virginia G.

The Conservatorio, though a charitable institution, is not so entirely meant for mendicants as its name would imply, but none of the many young girls there were the children of rich men. They were often enough of parentage actually hungry and ragged, but they were often also the daughters of honest poor folk, who paid a discreet sum toward their maintenance and education in the Conservatorio. Such was the case with the little Virginia, whose father was at Florence, doubly impeded from seeing her by the fact that he had fought against the Pope for the Republic of 1848, and by the other fact that he had since wrought the Pope a yet deadlier injury by turning Protestant.

Ringling a garrulous bell that continued to jingle some time after we were admitted, we found ourselves in a sort of reception-room, of the general quality of a cellar, and in the presence of a portress who was perceptibly preserved from mould only by the great pot of coals that stood in the centre of the place. Some young girls, rather pretty than not, attended the ancient woman, and kindly acted as the ear-trumpet through which our wishes were conveyed to her mind. The Conservatorio was not, so far, as conven-

tual as we had imagined it; but as the gentleman of the party was strongly guarded by female friends, and asked at once to see the superior, there was, perhaps, something so unusually reassuring to the recluses in our appearance and manner that they had not thought it necessary to behave very rigidly. It later occurred to this gentleman that the promptness with which the pretty mendicants procured him an interview with the superior had a flavor of self-interest in it, and that he who came to the Conservatorio in the place of a father might have been for a moment ignorantly viewed as a yet dearer and tenderer possibility. From whatever danger there was in this error the superior soon appeared to rescue him, and we were invited into a more ceremonious apartment on the first floor, and the little Virginia was sent for. The visit of the strangers caused a tumult and interest in the quiet old Conservatorio of which it is hard to conceive now, and the excitement grew tremendous when it appeared that the signori were American and Protestant. We imparted a savor of novelty and importance to Virginia herself, and when she appeared, the superior and her assistant looked at her with no small curiosity and awe, of which the little maiden instantly became conscious, and began to take advantage. Accompanying us over the building and through the grounds, she cut her small friends wherever she met them, and was not more than respectful to the assistant.

It was from an instinct of hospitality that we were shown the Conservatorio, and instructed in regard to all its purposes. We saw the neat dormitories with their battalions of little white beds; the kitchen with its gigantic coppers for boiling broth, and the refectory with the smell of the frugal dinners of generations of mendicants in it. The assistant was very proud of the neatness of everything, and was very glad to talk of that, or, indeed, anything else. It appears that the girls were taught reading and writing and plain sewing when they were young, and that the Conservatorio was chiefly sustained by pious contributions and bequests. Any lingering notion of the conventual character of the place was dispelled by the assistant's hurrying to say, "And when we can get the poor things well married, we are glad to do so."

"But how does any one ever see them?"

"Eh! well, that is easily managed. Once a month we dress the marriageable girls in their best, and take them for a walk in the street. If an honest young man falls in love with one of them going by, he comes to the superior, and describes her as well as he can, and demands to see her. She is called, and, if both are pleased, the marriage is arranged. You see it is a very simple affair."

And there was, to the assistant's mind, nothing odd in the whole business, inasmuch that I felt almost ashamed of marvelling at it.

Issuing from the back door of the convent, we ascended by stairs and gateways into garden spaces, chiefly planted with turnips and the like poor but respectable vegetables, and curiously adorned with fragments of antique statuary, and here and there a fountain in a corner, trickling from moss-grown rocks, and falling into a trough of travertine, about the feet of some poor old goddess or virtue who had forgotten what her name was.

"Once," the assistant said, speaking as if the thing had been within her recollection, though it must have been centuries before, "the antiquities of the Conservatorio were much more numerous and striking; but they were now removed to the different museums." Nevertheless they had still a beautiful prospect left, which we were welcome to enjoy if we would follow her, and presently, to our surprise, we stepped from the garden upon the roof of the Temple of Peace. The assistant had not boasted without reason; away before us stretched the Dead Sea of the Campagna, a level waste, and empty, but for the umbrella-palms that here and there waved like black plumes upon it, and for the arched lengths of the aqueduct, that seemed to stalk down from the ages across the melancholy expanse like files of giants, with now and then a ruinous gap in the line, as if one had fallen out weary by the way. The city all round us glittered asleep in the dim December sunshine, and far below us—on the length of the Forum over which the Appian Way stretched from the Capitoline Hill under the arch of Septimius Severus and the arch of Titus to the arch of Constantine, leaving the Coliseum on the left, and losing itself in the foliage of the suburbs—the Past seemed struggling to emerge from the ruins, and to re-shape and animate itself anew. The effort was more successful than that which we had helped the Past to make when standing on the level of the Forum; but antiquity must have been painfully conscious of the incongruity of the red-legged Zouaves wandering over the grass, and of the bewildered tourists trying to make her out with their Murrys.

In a day or two after this we returned again to our Conservatorio, where we found that the excitement created by our first visit had been kept fully alive by the events attending the photographing of Virginia for her father. Not only Virginia was there to receive us, but her grandmother also—an old,

old woman, dumb through some infirmity of age, who could only weep and smile in token of her content. I think she had but a dim idea, after all, of what went on beyond the visible fact of Virginia's photograph, and that she did not quite understand how we could cause it to be taken for her son. She was deeply compassionated by the superior, who rendered her pity with a great deal of gesticulation, casting up her eyes, shrugging her shoulders, and sighing grievously. But the assistant's cheerfulness could not be abated even by the spectacle of extreme age; and she made the most of the whole occasion, recounting with great minuteness all the incidents of the visit to the photographer's, and running to get the dress Virginia sat in, that we might see how exactly it was given in the picture. Then she gave us much discourse concerning the Conservatorio and its usages, and seemed not to wish us to think that life there was altogether eventless. "Here we have also a little amusement," she said. "The girls have their relatives to visit them sometimes, and then in the evening they dance. Oh, they enjoy themselves! I am half old (*mezzo-vecchia*). I am done with these things. But for youth, always kept down, something lively is wanted."

When we took leave of these simple folks, we took leave of almost the only natural and unprepared aspect of Italian life which we were to see in Rome; but we did not know this at the time.

## II.

Indeed, it seems to me that all moisture of romance and adventure has been well-nigh sucked out of travel in Italy, and that compared with the old time, when the happy wayfarer journeyed by vettura through the innumerable little states of the peninsula, halted every other mile to show his passport, and was robbed by customs officers in every color of shabby uniform and every variety of cocked hat, the present railroad period is one of but stale and insipid flavor. Something of life and nature remains, of course; but the hurried traveller sees little of it, and, passed from one grand hotel to another without material change in the cooking or the methods of extortion, he might nearly as well remain at Paris. The Italians, who live to so great an extent by the travel through their country, learn our abominable languages, and minister to our detestable comfort and propriety, till we have slight chance to know them as we once could—musical, picturesque, and full of sweet, natural knaveries, graceful falsehood, and all uncleanness. Rome really belongs to the Anglo-Saxon nations, and the Pope and the Past seem to be carried on entirely for our diversion. Everything is systematized as thoroughly as in a museum where the objects are all ticketed; and our prejudices are consulted even down to alms-giving. Honest Beppo is gone from the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, and now the beggars are labelled like policemen, with an immense plate bearing the image of Saint Peter, so that you may know you give to a worthy person when you bestow on one of them, and not, alas! to some abandoned impostor, as in former days. One of these highly-recommended mendicants gave the last finish to the system, and begged of us in English! No custodian will answer you, if he can help it, in the Italian which he speaks so exquisitely, preferring to speak bad French instead; and in all the shops on the Corso the English tongue is *de rigueur*.

After our dear friends at the Conservatorio, I think we found one of the most simple and interesting of Romans in the monk who showed us the catacombs of Saint Sebastian. These catacombs, he assured us, were not restored like those of Saint Calixtus, but were just as the martyrs left them; and, as I do not remember to have read any traveller candid enough to say that they are formed merely of long, low, narrow, wandering underground passages, lined on either side with tombs in tiers like the berths on a steamer, and expanding here and there into small square chambers, bearing the traces of ancient frescoes, and evidently used as chapels, I venture to offer the information here. The reader is to keep in his mind darkness broken by wax-tapers, a close smell, and crookedness and narrowness, or he cannot realize the catacombs as they are in fact. Our monkish guide, before entering the passage leading from the floor of the church to the tombs, in which there was still some "fine small dust" of the martyrs, warned us that to touch it was to incur the penalty of excommunication, and then quietly craved pardon for having mentioned the fact. But, indeed, it was only to persons who showed a certain degree of reverence that these places were now exhibited; for some Protestants who had been permitted there had stolen handfuls of the precious ashes, merely to throw away. I assured him that I thought them beasts to do it; and I was afterwards puzzled to know what should attract their wantonness in the remnants of mortality, hardly to be distinguished from the common earth out of which the catacombs were dug.

## III.

Returning to the church above we found, kneeling before one of the altars, two pilgrims—a man and a woman. The latter was habited in a

unlike dress of black, and the former in a long pilgrim's coat of coarse blue stuff. He bore a pilgrim's staff in his hand, and showed under his close hood a fine, handsome, reverent face, full of a sort of tender awe, and touched with the pathos of penitence. In attendance upon the two was a dapper little silk-hatted man, with rogue so plainly written in his devotional countenance that I was not surprised to be told that he was a species of spiritual *valet de place*, whose occupation it was to attend pilgrims on their tour of the seven churches at which these devotees pray in Rome, and there to direct their orisons and unite in them. It was not to the pilgrims, but to us heretics that the monk uncovered the precious marble slab on which Christ stood when he met Peter flying from Rome and turned him back. You are shown the prints of the divine feet which the conscious stone received and keeps for ever; and near at hand is one of the arrows with which St. Sebastian was shot. We looked at these things critically, having to pay for the spectacle; but the pilgrims and their guide were all faith and wonder.

I remember seeing nothing else so finely superstitious at Rome. In a sort of chapel near the church of St. John Lateran are, as is well known, the marble steps which once belonged to Pilate's house, and which the Saviour is said to have ascended when he went to trial before Pilate. The steps are protected against the wear and tear of devotion by a stout casing of wood, and they are constantly covered by penitents, who ascend and descend them upon their knees. Most of the pious people whom I saw in this act were children, and the boys enjoyed it, with a good deal of giggling, as a very amusing feat. Some old and haggard women gave the scene all the dignity it possessed, but certain well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were undeniably awkward and absurd, and I was led to doubt if there were not an incompatibility between the abandon of simple faith and the respectability of good clothes.

## Fine Arts.

### RISTORI.

DEFERRING till another time any detailed criticism of Madame Ristori's acting, we content ourselves, for the present, with setting down our first impressions. Criticism, as yet, would be premature; for it is evident she does not feel altogether at home among us, and has not put forth her full power. Perhaps we in New York shall never see that in perfection. The privilege of seeing all that she is capable of may possibly be reserved for her admirers in New Orleans and Havana. We must be satisfied with a near approach to her glory. Her first appearance was made under very great disadvantages. She was in a foreign city, and among strangers whose temperament was different from her own, who did not understand her language, who had been used to another kind of representation, and who were too full of wondering expectation to comprehend what was before them, or to do it justice. The theatre was small, the stage narrow, the stage arrangements poor, the scenery scanty and cheap. Her company, too, was ordinary, so far as we could judge, perhaps because the terms of her engagement did not allow her to secure a better—perhaps because they, like herself, could not do themselves justice the first time. An enthusiastic audience would have made amends for these drawbacks in part; but the audience was not enthusiastic—the foreign portion remembering what she was abroad, the native portion waiting for her to astonish them into praise.

From these causes the actress labored under a restraint which she did not seem able to throw off. She could not forget herself, and was driven back too absolutely upon her art, instead of throwing soul into her art. The play selected—Legouvé's "*Medea*"—made all this more conspicuous than it would have been in another piece. In one respect it was admirably calculated for an opening representation, for it calls out precisely the qualities that she is reputed to possess in extraordinary measure. It demands vehement expression of passion, in every extreme, of hate and love, wrath and tenderness, scorn and pity, yearning and vengeance; touching all the chords of emotion from lowest to highest. But, on the other hand, it is a play that suffers from the slightest suspicion of constraint. It requires abandonment; and that was just what Ristori lacked. The want of it was not felt equally throughout; but in parts it was painfully felt, and they were the intensest parts—the scolding and denunciation of *Creusa*, the first interview with *Jason*, and the scene in which she tries to win her children. This is one of the finest points of the play—perhaps it is the finest point—and is capable of being rendered with immense effect, without overstepping the limits of the most conservative taste. The husband, making terms with the wife in order to be rid of her, proposes that she take one of their children, and leave the other with him and *Creusa*. She cannot choose, and in



her perplexity throws the choice on the children themselves. They, having learned to love the comfort and tenderness of their new mother, stand motionless by her side. The real mother then begins to plead, and to plead ineffectually. She sinks from her pride, forgets the presence she is in, implores, coaxes, puts forth all the fondness of a passionate heart, loses herself in the effort to recover the boys, whom her terrible emotions had frightened away. The hearts of the audience are ready to melt in their bosoms at that scene. They are full of tears. They would have pardoned any exaggeration. They expected exaggeration in a play where people and situations were all exaggerated. Indeed, nature demanded more than they could have imagined. Ristori was, through it all, stately, proper, and cold. We saw the same scene better done years ago by an actress whose name is not to be written on the same sheet of paper with Ristori's—we mean Matilda Heron. There was no mother, and no great actress. On the second representation of "Medea" this was vastly improved; but still it was not all that it should have been. There was the actress, the artist, but not the genius.

In "Mary Stuart" the art rose to a higher level; it was all but consummate, it came near being bewitching. Now and then a flash of genius broke through it and startled the audience out of the quietly charming mood in which the actress placed and kept them. But the prevailing impression was not that of genius. Singularly fine gifts under singularly perfect training explained all the effects that were produced without calling the divine spirit into requisition. Madame Ristori is a gifted woman. Her person is fine, her carriage noble, her head well planted on her shoulders, her arms and hands handsome, her face mobile and expressive. She has a voice of wonderful compass and power, of rich melodious quality, of the utmost flexibility. These gifts she has cultivated to the last point of culture. She has studied hard, with the aid of the best models. Nothing could be more delicious than her articulation; no elocution could be more exquisite in tone and balance. Her declamation is superb—never, under any circumstances, verging on rant or fustian. Her bearing is bold enough for exigencies, but it never suggests a shuffle, a hitch, or a strut. Her gesture is profuse, incessant, affluent in variety of motion, but it is always graceful and it always has a meaning. Her form is supple, her muscles are perfectly under control. In a word, she is completely furnished for her profession. Nature and art could do little more, except make her beautiful; but they have bestowed the inimitable command of expression which more than makes amends for beauty of feature. Is she, then, all that her worshippers think she is? No one can be. Is she peerless, as Rachel was, in her way? We are not ready to grant it yet. Is she a woman of genius as well as a most elaborate artist? We hope she is; we have a suspicion that she may be, but we shall wait before deciding that she is.

#### THE CENTRAL PARK GATES.

In the Academy of Design Exhibition of 1865 were exhibited five drawings illustrating Mr. Richard M. Hunt's designs for the Central Park gates. The first volume of THE NATION contained a review of those designs, and a second notice of them, in connection with a letter to the editor objecting to the first (see Vol. I., pages 186 and 410). The designs have not yet been embodied in stone, but have taken several less substantial forms, and have gained much notice. They have appeared in shop-windows and show-cases in New York and elsewhere, and have been reviewed in many journals. Now published in book form,\* with the most laudatory of the many "critiques" they have received, they appeal once more to the public. Besides the five pictures, which are poorly reproduced in coarse lithography, this book gives the four ground-plans of the proposed gateways and their surroundings—the text of three letters formerly published in the *Evening Post*, and some extracts from the minutes of the Commission of the Central Park. Of these matters the ground-plans are, perhaps, the most useful. Without them the whole of the proposed arrangement was visible at the Fifth Avenue and Eighth Avenue entrances; but they really help us to understand what is intended at Sixth and Seventh Avenues. They also show how far, and in what way, Mr. Hunt's ideal differs from the existing plans. The changes are chiefly in the form of widening and multiplication of walks, and general greater amplitude of space. It seems to us that many of these are changes for the better. There is nobody more considerate and ingenious than the former "landscape architects" whose business it was to make these gateways large enough, and who, of course, thought them large enough; and yet the Sixth Avenue entrance is already open to the suspicion of being too contracted for the outpouring crowd on some few

summer and some few icy afternoons. It is a question whether each gateway ought not to be large enough for everybody. May not everybody take the whim or have especial occasion some day to go up Sixth Avenue or go down Seventh? Mr. Hunt's designs have this good feature, that they leave room enough for comers and goers. We have noticed before that the gates themselves open liberally. And now another merit makes itself manifest: in the light of these ground-plans some before inexplicable appearances at Sixth and Seventh Avenues resolve themselves into seats—semi-circular stone seats with backs, here called *exedrae*. Seats are good near entrances; not peculiarly so, it must be confessed, at entrances where the cars are so near, offering economy of time in their facilities for travel and rest combined, and affording more comfortable seats, at five miles an hour, than do the *exedrae* at a stand-still. The peculiar advantages these stone benches will have will be the accommodation they will afford—like those of the fountain under the dome of the vanished Crystal Palace—those who are waiting for friends who have promised to meet them.

These designs do not give what the entrances most lack—shelter. There is great need of some waiting seats that shall be under cover. Seats in a decent room will be always very much needed as long as meteorological science stops short of prophecy, and prophecy at least half an hour before the fact.

If these designs have other merits, they are only comparative. It is conceivable that architectural detail even more feeble, and arrangement and grouping even more tasteless, may be found than is here shown. But that is because some very bad things have been done since architectural detail became matter of fashion and theory, and no longer of unconscious beautifying of walls. The designs before us are really noticeable for their indifference. Is it Mr. Nickleby that has been called the ideal of nonentity, and "individual from very absence of individuality"? These designs are not so bad as that, but they look that way. As we said before, with the larger and tolerably well-executed original drawings to refer to, the detail is often extraordinarily bad; but the general character of the designs is (as the school history books say) "rather weak than vicious." There is almost nothing but stone posts and statuary, and those most awkwardly and forbormly combined. "But the statuary will redeem it!" as we have several times heard suggested. Of course, if, at the Fifth Avenue gate, we set up two larger and four smaller marble groups of statuary above life-size and all of the highest obtainable merit; and if, besides these (which cap only the gate post), we set up monuments, as per design, to Columbus and to Henry Hudson, and if the group facetiously called the "Arms of New York" is cast in bronze from the best procurable model, by artists of the first excellence—if, we say, all this statuary shall be of excellent design and full of truth and of genius, the Fifth Avenue entrance to the Park will be a great thing. But how great likelihood is there of that? Ward's "Indian Hunter" is suggested for one of the gate-post groups. Well, when five other groups as good as that are found, and when all six are cut in marble or cast in bronze, and paid for and put up, then, indeed, however much sculptors might grumble at seeing their statues put up in a place where few would look at them, the gateway would be the best visible result of human work in the country.

But that is not likely to happen. As surely as any such *expectant* groups are created as these, so surely will the fulfillment be either marble yard statuary from New York shops, or imported vapidities from Italy, or emptiness. When will the two hundred thousand dollars or more be found to pay for all these statues, if by Ward and Thompson and their accomplices, if they have any accomplices? And when the money is found, when will the statues be ready? Do not the public know how few works of sculpture have yet been made in America, or by Americans, which are worth the cost of putting up if they were freely given? Or how many statues and groups were there in the Great Exposition of 1862 which would not be dear at the cost of transportation across the Atlantic? And the requirement here is not for one gate only, but for four gates now and a score hereafter; requirement, according to these designs, for thirty-one statues and groups, besides eagles, rostral columns, bronze lamps, fountains, etc., for the four gates alone. Now, let anybody ask Mr. Ward what his "Indian Hunter" would cost, cast in bronze (to last for ever), or cut in marble (to last a while)—and remember always that most of these statues and groups are larger than the "Indian Hunter."

The writer of the letters to the *Evening Post* says that Mr. Hunt is an architect and not a sculptor, and has put the statuary into his sketches to show only where statuary should be put. True, and our business is not now whether Mr. Hunt can make a good design or not, but only to enquire whether these designs ought to be adopted and carried out. If it were in contemplation, or even possible, to build gateways with this plethora of statuary—all noble statuary, and worthy of a public place while the nation

\* "Designs for the Gateways of the Southern Entrance of the Central Park. By Richard M. Hunt, with a description of the designs, etc." New York: Van Nostrand, 1866.

endures—then we should ask whether this were the best or even a tolerably good public place to put them. As it is, with not even a remote chance of such an event, it is enough for us to show that in any other event these designs are impossible. Their sole merit would be found in the statuary that might or should, if it only could, be incorporated with them architecturally; as we have shown in former articles, they themselves are of but little value or importance.

## Correspondence.

### WHEATON AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The newspaper war which has arisen between Mr. Lawrence and those who, in the absence of Mr. Dana, have taken up the controversy in his behalf, has been watched with much interest by a large number of persons. The writer, having had some personal connection with the preparation of parts of the Dana edition, has had occasion to familiarize himself in a peculiar degree with the points in dispute, and has finally been led to make a careful collation of the two works. A few words, then, from him, and the statement of a few positive facts, may not come amiss to the readers of a paper which has already admitted divers articles on the same subject. The last of these articles was evidently intended as an impartial summary of the positions and proofs previously advanced by each side. We have only one fault to find with it—it wholly ignored *presumptions*. We regard these as of special importance. Mr. Dana is well known as having been for five years past the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts; in that period he has added much to his previous high reputation as a jurist, and has won the proud distinction of governing his most minute official transactions by a standard of honor so sensitive as sometimes to appear almost finical. He is the successor, and the only successor, of Mr. Wheaton himself, and of Mr. Everett, in the chair of international law at Harvard College. Now, in our mind, there is a very strong conviction, and certainly a very fair conviction, in the outset, that it is highly improbable that this gentleman, who has so long demeaned himself as a man of probity and ability, would stoop to so mean and so unnecessary a plagiarism. Even a vulgar thief will not commit the egregious folly of stealing when there is clearly no possible chance of escaping the officers of justice and of punishment. Yet, if the charges of Mr. Lawrence are even substantially true, Mr. Dana has added an ignominious stupidity to his dishonor. Accusations so severe and fraught with such intrinsic improbability should not be made unless accompanied by specific proofs, and, if made without this support, they must, in their naked condition, appear indecent and libellous, even if at length they may become established.

Certain passages were adduced by the writer in the last number of this paper which were, perhaps, intended as "specific proofs." They did not strike us in that light. The only resemblance which we could trace was in the *substance*, i. e., in the facts narrated. This, it needs no argument to show, was inevitable. A work on international law is in part historical; it deals with certain events, negotiations, treaties, wars. These are the common property of all publicists, and their narration or discussion by one does not, by the code either of technical law or abstract honor, preclude their narration or discussion by another. As well might Mr. Bancroft claim a monopoly of narrating the history of the United States, or Grote an exclusive property in all matters relating to ancient Greece.

But we have promised a few *facts*, the certain results of our own experience, and these we will give without more ado. First, then, in the whole of Mr. Dana's annotation we have found, upon examination, barely *fifty lines* of *literally quoted translated matter*, and these generally in small quantities of one, two, and rarely three lines together; making a liberal allowance for possible oversights, we may fairly allege that such quotations in his volume do not exceed seventy-five lines, at the utmost. This leaves a very narrow opportunity for the wholesale appropriations of translations which Mr. Lawrence claims. We have been able to find translations of the same passage by the two annotators in only two cases; in each we found an entire difference of language.

An important part of the work consists in the citation of causes from the English and American law reports. There are in Mr. Dana's notes *one hundred and seventy-five* cases cited which are not referred to by Mr. Lawrence.

One little matter deserves notice and is not without interest. Mr. Lawrence alleges that even "misprints" have been copied. To save the labor of transcribing the whole of Mr. Wheaton's own work, a copy of Mr. Law-

rence's edition was given to the printer, and he was directed to strike out everything enclosed in brackets and signed L.; for by this mark Mr. Lawrence had sought to distinguish those additions which he claimed to have made. By an oversight of the printer, a note four lines in length, and consisting entirely of a quotation from "Blackstone's Commentaries," for which the citation was duly made, was left, and credit for it was given to Mr. Dana by affixing to it a capital D. A misprint occurring in the original was reproduced in this copy. This note, being so short and a simple quotation, was very naturally not detected by Mr. Dana as a plagiarism in reading the proof-sheets, and it accordingly remains in his volume, and promises, like the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, by the aid of sufficient hostile manipulation, to swell in time to portentous size. Ample reparation will, however, be readily made, and meantime it is to be hoped that a generous public will be more amused than prejudiced by the open avowal of this disagreeable little blunder.

With the statement of these few facts we have done. When the threatened law-suit shall be fairly instituted and counsel shall have the matter fairly in hand, this guerrilla warfare of the partisans of either side will probably cease; but in the meanwhile a simple statement of tangible facts, such as we have sought to make, cannot be without its just interest and proper value.

M.

[There appears to be some misunderstanding about the aim of the article we have published on this subject. We have not called attention to the improbability of Mr. Dana's being guilty of stealing Mr. Lawrence's notes because we have not considered Mr. Dana's character to be under discussion at all, and it seems to us very unnecessary to offer any testimony about it. Mr. Lawrence's making the charge, however, and threatening to take legal proceedings, raised public curiosity not as to whether Mr. Dana was really guilty, but as to what put it into Mr. Lawrence's head to accuse him. We know nothing of Mr. Lawrence personally, but we believe his sanity is not doubted, and he is the editor of a work which enjoys considerable repute and a wide circulation. When, therefore, he says some one has stolen his wares, people naturally suppose he can produce something which, if not proof, will give him a decent excuse for raising the hue and cry and disturbing the neighborhood. It was with the view of discovering what this was that we collated the two books, and we candidly confess we found nothing. We quoted certain passages as specimens of those notes in which it would be possible for Mr. Lawrence to discover some resemblance between Mr. Dana's and his own. "M." is greatly mistaken in supposing we brought them forward as "specific proofs." We spoke of them as those passages on which Mr. Lawrence "would probably rest his claim." Their value as proof we left, without comment, to the judgment of the reader. If anybody has detected evidences of plagiarism in them we make him our compliments on his perspicacity; but we really must be excused if we do not reason with him, and point out the improbability of Mr. Dana's being guilty of appropriating other people's property in a published work.—ED. NATION.]

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A. I think the stitch is a stronger stitch than that of any other machine I have seen used, and it seems to me much more simple in its management than other machines; one great advantage is the ease with which the seam is ripped when necessary to do so; and I think that the work, by an experienced person, on a Grover & Baker machine is better than the work of such person on any other machine; it requires more skill to work other machines than the Grover & Baker.

Mrs. General Buell says she prefers the Grover & Baker machine over all others,

"On account of its durability of work, elasticity of stitch, and the strength of stitch. It never rips."

"It is preferred over all others; it is very easy in its movements, and very easily adjusted, and very simple in its construction."

"We can accomplish more in one week by this sewing machine than we can in one month by hand sewing."

Mrs. Dr. Watts says:

"I have had several years' experience with a Grover & Baker machine, which has given me great satisfaction. Its chief merit is that it makes a strong elastic stitch; it is very easily kept in order, and worked without much fatigue, which I think is a very great recommendation. I am not very familiar with any other machine, except a Wheeler & Wilson which I have had. I think the Grover & Baker machine is more easily managed, and is less liable to get out of order."

"I prefer the Grover & Baker, decidedly."

Mrs. A. B. Spooner says:

"I answer conscientiously, I believe it to be the best, all things considered, of any that I have known."

"In the first place, it is very simple and easily learned; the sewing from the ordinary spools is a great advantage; the stitch is entirely reliable. It does ornamental work beautifully, and the embroidery stitch. It is not liable to get out of order. It operates very easily. I suppose I can sum it all up by saying it is a perfect machine."

"I have had occasion to compare the work with that of other machines. The result was always favorable to the Grover & Baker machine."

Mrs. Dr. Andrews testifies:

"I prefer it to all other machines I have known anything about, for the ease and simplicity with which it operates and is managed; for the perfect elasticity of the stitch; the ease with which the work can be ripped, if desired, and still retain its strength when the thread is cut or accidentally broken; its adaptation to different kinds of work, from fine to coarse, without change of needle or tension."

Mrs. Maria J. Keane, of the house of Natalie Tilman & Co., says:

"Our customers all prefer the Grover & Baker machine, for durability and beauty of stitch."

Mrs. Jennie C. Croly ("Jennie June") says:

"I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker machine in the first place because, if I had any other, I should still want a Grover & Baker; and having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a greater variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because, although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch."

The foregoing testimony establishes beyond question:

First. The great simplicity and ease of management of the Grover & Baker machines.

Second. That they are not liable to get out of repair.

Third. That a greater variety of work can be done with them than with other machines.

Fourth. That the elasticity of the stitch causes the work to last longer, look neater, and wear better than work done on other machines.

Fifth. That the facility with which any part of a seam can be removed when desired is a great advantage.

Sixth. That the seam will retain its strength even when cut or broken at intervals.

Seventh. That besides doing all varieties of work done by other sewing machines, these machines execute beautiful embroidery.

Over one hundred other witnesses in the case above referred to testified to the superiority of the Grover & Baker machines in the points named in substantially the same language, and thousands of letters have been received from all parts of the world stating the same facts. We subjoin two as specimens:

*Ten Cents Expense in Nine Years!*

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1866.

Messrs. Grover & Baker:

GENTLEMEN: I have long thought that, in justice to the excellence of your "Sewing Machine," it was my duty to inform you that NINE YEARS since I purchased one from your agent in this city, and that I have had it in constant use since that time, and, during the entire period, the expense, aside from a few needles, has been TEN CENTS to keep it in perfect repair.

I give the above as evidence of the superiority of your machines over others, because I have used those made by other parties, but with little satisfaction.

M. E. WILSON.

INDUSTRIAL CLASSES FOR THE BLIND,  
 500 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON,  
 August 11, 1866.

I have much pleasure in informing you of the success which has attended our efforts to teach blind females to use your sewing machines.

The women belonging to our sewing machine class are able to execute stitching, hemming, and tucking with the greatest of ease by your machine, and we cannot speak too highly of its adaptation to the use of the blind, and which is attributable especially to the simplicity of its construction, the regularity of the tension, and the saving of time occupied with other machines in filling of spools and fastening of ends, the last-named advantage being of great importance to the blind.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that your machine possesses advantages for the blind which we have not found in any of those by five other manufacturers which we have tried, and which has led us to set aside NINE other machines and to adopt yours exclusively.

Your obedient servant,

K. MOORE, Secretary.

TO MESSRS. THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.



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Claims not due and unadjusted,..... 244,391 43

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